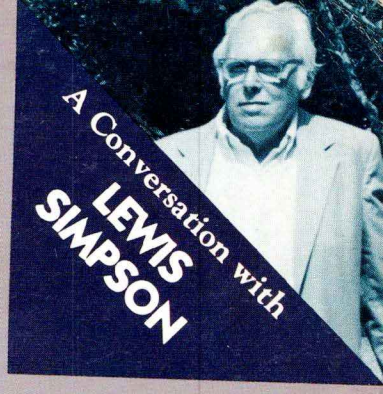
THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 4 FALL 1983



STONEWALL

By Holmes Alexander

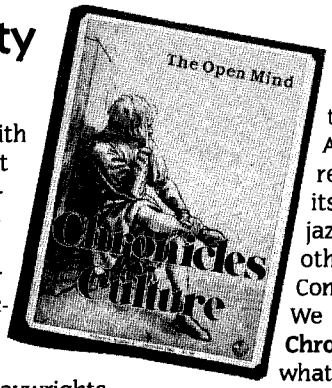
ALSO INSIDE

Tapscott on John Brown/Levinson on Judah P. Benjamin
M. E. Bradford, Landess, and Buckley on the Bolsheviks
Lumpkin on the War the South Won
Christmas at Greenpoint ... and More

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE **CHRONICLES OF CULTURE** CONFRONT—A LA ORWELL—THE SMELLY LITTLE ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME."—**TOM WOLFE**

Here's your opportunity to read a copy—free!



Imagine! A journal of opinion that begins with that fresh perspective, and then goes about the business of reviewing, criticizing, essaying each month—in little danger of fraternizing with other magazines.

In each issue of **Chronicles**, we invite our readers **to think along with us** as we puncture the pompous ideas—and old-idea repeaters—of our time.

Everywhere one turns, liberal writers, playwrights, reviewers, editors and such are gushing over the most mediocre of themes—and each other.

Flaming liberals, doused monthly.

Alas, liberalism's leading product is the gaseous re-oxygenation of old, trite, tried-and-compromised ideas.

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Too many "hurrahs" for average performances.

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 4 FALL 1983

FEATURES

Stonewall Jackson

Why did the South lose the War? Because Stonewall Jackson died. That is the view held by many students of Southern military history. And the great irony is that Jackson did not die at the hands of the enemy. Lincoln's generals were never able to stop him. Holmes Alexander gives us a dramatic portrait of a complex man whose valor brought the South to the edge of victory 10

JOHN BROWN LIVES ... Mark Tapscott sketches for us the strange career of John Brown. We discover that the gallows broke the "Old Idiot's" neck but not his legacy 17

WINDOW ON THE WEST ... M.E. Bradford visited Romania recently and gives us his reflection on the revolution in Eastern Europe 22

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN ... Daniel Levinson traces the career of the great Confederate advocate, reminding us that Jefferson Davis was the first American President to appoint a Jew to the cabinet 24

CHRISTMAS AT GREENPOINT ... C.M. Bissell was a Southern textile mill worker in the 1920's. This authentic Christmas story tells of a Southern family with few worldly possessions yet rich beyond measure 28

A SECOND LOOK AT JIM BAKKER ... Tom Landess watched the PTL Club faithfully for six straight weeks and gives us an appraisal that may surprise you 32

THE PARTISAN CONVERSATION ... Lewis Simpson--critic, author, teacher, editor, Southerner--talks about the role of history and tragedy in Southern literature 37

THE WAR THE SOUTH WON ... Henry Lumpkin continues our "Restoration Series" with a true account of the American Revolution 41

SHORT FICTION/TALL TALES

LOOKING BACK AT THE BOYKIN HUNT CLUB ... Henry Boykin remembers hunting deer with his Dad and the wonderful stories about Papa Daws and "slavery days" 45

SHE WON'T COOK ... Robert Drake writes of the kitchen as the center of things in his mother's philosophy of life. Nothing was worthwhile unless it was (a) made from scratch and (b) a lot of trouble. Christmas especially 47

CRITICUS

HANK WILLIAMS has become legendary as the consummate singer and writer of country songs. Warren Leamon appreciates Bill Koon's new book on Hank and gives us, along the way, a detailed discussion of what it means to be a Redneck 49

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THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education
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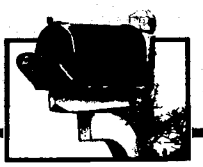
Partisan Letters



The Short Of It

Gentlemen:

Now just who is correct?

In the interesting article about Jefferson Davis, Robert McHugh writes that Ulysses S. Grant was 5 ft. 1 in. when he entered West Point. On page 3 of the same issue (Summer of '83) Richard Quinn replies to a letter regarding Grant with the following: "Grant liked Jones because (at 5 foot, seven) they were both the same height." Surely he didn't grow six inches after entering West Point.

At whatever height, Grant was a small man. However, I'm curious as to just how physically small he really was.

Sincerely,
Rita Jones Elliott
Walden, Tennessee

Mr. Quinn replies:

I don't know.

Grant did become President, of course. And it has often been said that Presidents grow in office.

Sharpsburg

Gentlemen:

William Gill's "Capital Reports" proves that even a Northerner's heart can be in the right place. One objection, however—the engagement which marked the climax of Lee's first invasion of the North is referred to as the Battle of Sharpsburg. Only Yankees call it Antietam, and the latter term should never appear in the pages of *The Southern Partisan*.

Sincerely,
John Paul Trouche
Charleston, South Carolina

The Uncivil War

Gentlemen:

The Summer Issue of *The Southern Partisan* was excellent. Each cover gets more beautiful, and the portrait of Jeff Davis was quite striking ...

Having praised your Summer Issue, I do have one criticism. In Rod Gragg's book reviews on p. 49, he refers in the last paragraph to "the Civil War Series." It is bad enough that our enemies use that term, but when our compatriots do so, that is much too much ... There is absolutely no excuse for writers in *The Southern Partisan* using Yankee terms.

Sincerely,
David A. Williams
Arlington, Virginia

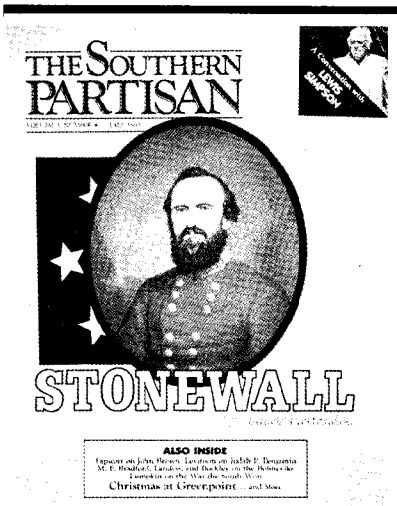
Southern Country

Gentlemen:

The Southern Partisan is the greatest thing printed in the continent since the Constitution was put together, largely by Southerners ...

May I also say a word of praise to Mr. Harry Hope for his essay (on country living) in the June issue. He is sure to find the Southern country serene and peaceful. The garden work will be hard but more than rewarding ... While typing this letter I think of cold yellow-meated watermelon chilling in the refrigerator. This is not even to mention the canned and frozen vegetables the family and I have prepared for this winter. Ah, but the glory of our great Southland ...

Sincerely,
Jack E. Marlar, Commander
South Carolina Division
Sons of Confederate Veterans



Cover Note:

Photo of "Stonewall" Jackson was part of the Kendall Collection, given in 1961 to the South Caroliniana Library by Henry P. Kendall, (1878-1959). This inscription appears on the back of the painting: Warranted oil colors: Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1866 by E.C. Middleton & Co. in the clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Kentucky.

Flag painted by Ed Crosby. Photographed by Nolan Ninabuck.

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The *Southern Partisan Quarterly Review* was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina, who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by the Foundation for American Education. Publication was resumed under the shorter title, *The Southern Partisan*, in the summer of 1981.

High Mark

Gentlemen:

I have been enjoying your publication for roughly one year. It is so excellent that I paste each edition behind the book of Revelation in my New American Standard Bible. The consequences of this quarterly act are surely being tabulated in the Book of Life.

However, at the time of my death, (probably by Soviet radiation or a drunken Naderite) I have prepared my defense. On bended knee before my Creator I'll confess my weakness for "The Last Word", written by Buckley.

Surely forgiven, I'll be offered the job at hand. As Heaven's new librarian, my task will be great. There have been so many good conservative publications ...

The Southern Partisan will forever remain the high water mark of conservative thought.

Sincerely,
Rocky Haag
Washington, D.C.

The Wrong Track

Gentlemen:

I received my first copy of *The Southern Partisan,* Spring Issue, and was most impressed.

I must, however, take exception to the column of W.D. Workman entitled "On The Right Track." I think it would be better called "On The Wrong Track."

Mr. Workman advocates the creation of an additional layer of government to correct difficulties caused by other levels of government. This is an established liberal position ...

The answer is not to add another layer of government but to eliminate some levels of government we now have.

The solution to our economic problems is to repeal the statutory authority for the existence of many of the programs and departments of the federal government ... We must have a contraction of government or we will have a collapse of government.

Cordially,
Robert W. Fuehr
Alhambra, California

Mr. Workman replies:

I regret the misinterpretation of my Summer column. Actually, I favor reduction -- not an increase -- in the number of government agencies. That point of view was explicit in my Spring column, wherein I specifically called for curtailing the size and scope of government, partly through the establishment of a "devil's advocate" whose job would be to punch holes in the utopian schemes of the bureaucrats.

More On Grant

Gentlemen:

I just received my first copy of *The Southern Partisan,* and I must reply to Richard Quinn's letter from Steven Hardesty. Not only does General Lee's memory need no denigrating of another, but at Appomattox, General Grant's actions toward General Lee were those of a gentleman. Mr. Quinn's reply to Mr. Hardesty, on the other hand, was both churlish and childish, and definitely not that of a gentleman.

Sincerely,
Mrs. A. L. Peterson
Comptche, California

Gentlemen:

Much has been said of the superior qualities of General Grant. Grant pursued a strategy of attrition in which he spared no human sacrifice, not even the lives of his own soldiers. Mention has been made that Grant, who was unable to bear the sight of blood from an injured animal, endured without noticeable effect the cries of his own wounded from the battlefield whom he refused to aid because of his policy of refusing a truce following battle.

More significantly, Grant stopped prisoner of war exchanges which led to the unnecessary deaths of tens of thousands, North and South, at a time when he knew well the lack of medicine (designated as contraband of war by the Lincoln Administration) and of supplies for his own troops in Southern prisons. Any amount of purported courtesy Grant may have shown Lee at Appomattox does not redeem his cold-blooded warfare on the women and children of the South and the needless suffering and death of countless thousands of prisoners and battlefield wounded.

Sincerely,
Richard T. Hines
Washington, D.C.

A Protest

Gentlemen:

... If the Reagan Administration continues to move to the left ... "we can go fishing." But I will not, sir. By heaven, I'll take my stand! If it continues, so help me, I will write in the names of Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens for President and Vice President, respectively. Come to think of it—wouldn't a few thousand votes of that ilk look good coming from each state in the South -- especially if it lost an election.

Sincerely,
Earl B. Miller
Arlington, Virginia

The Episcopalians

Gentlemen:

As a lifelong Episcopalian, I was elated to read the article by Cleanth Brooks, "God, Gallup and the Episcopalians." I am planning, with your permission, to send copies of this informative article to my new Bishop ... and several friends of mine at my local parish.

A vestry authorized poll of the old Prayer Book at my parish several years ago revealed the same George Gallup findings.

No wonder the Episcopal continues to lose members ... last year a staggering loss of 15% of its entire membership. Other mainline liberal Protestant churches suffered similar losses.

Sincerely,
Charles S. Peete, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee

Absentia Minded

Gentlemen:

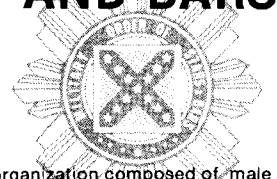
I am in thorough agreement with Mr. Hampton on page 10 of the Spring 1983 Issue, as I am with almost everything else in every issue.

This happy state of agreement is disturbed slightly by "en absentia," a French preposition in a Latin phrase; this must be a typographical error which eluded the proofreader.

Forgive this display of pedantry—semi-retirement produces unpleasant side effects.

Nitpickingly yours,
William D. Eve
Augusta, Georgia

THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE STARS AND BARS



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Partisan View

RICHARD QUINN

Martin Luther King Day

There was a sense of inevitability about it all. Only Jesse Helms was willing to stand up and complain. And of course Jesse got nailed (again) like he always does.

Senator Helms keeps trying to confuse everybody with facts. With arguments based on evidence. But it never works because he is surrounded by an unctuous new breed of political flexibillies who decide what they believe based on what sells in Peoria.

So it was with Martin Luther King. Never mind who he really was or what he did or said; and forget how much a new holiday in his name will cost us or how many other Americans lived lives more deserving of honor. Forget all that. The Congress and the Senate decided that Martin Luther King Day was good politics. An election year is upon us. And that's all that mattered.

So if you, gentle reader, are one of those cynics who believe that a huge majority of the men and women holding public office today would eagerly burn a billion of your dollars for a few thousand well-organized votes, you're right.

But that's not the only thing. The black leaders who lobbied so furiously for King Day confirmed another unpleasant reality. By celebrating King as the incarnation of all they admire, they have chosen to glorify the histrionic rather than the heroic and by inference they spurned the brightest and the best among their own race.

Let us assume for a moment that we should make the Hall of American Heroes comply with an affirmative action plan. The FBI files notwithstanding, how does King stack up against, say, George Washington Carver or Brooker T. Washington or, in our own time, the late Four Star General Chappie James or any number of black heroes in Korea and Vietnam? These are men all of us can admire, heroes whose names invoke harmony and brotherhood between men who share a history of sacrifice and achievement.

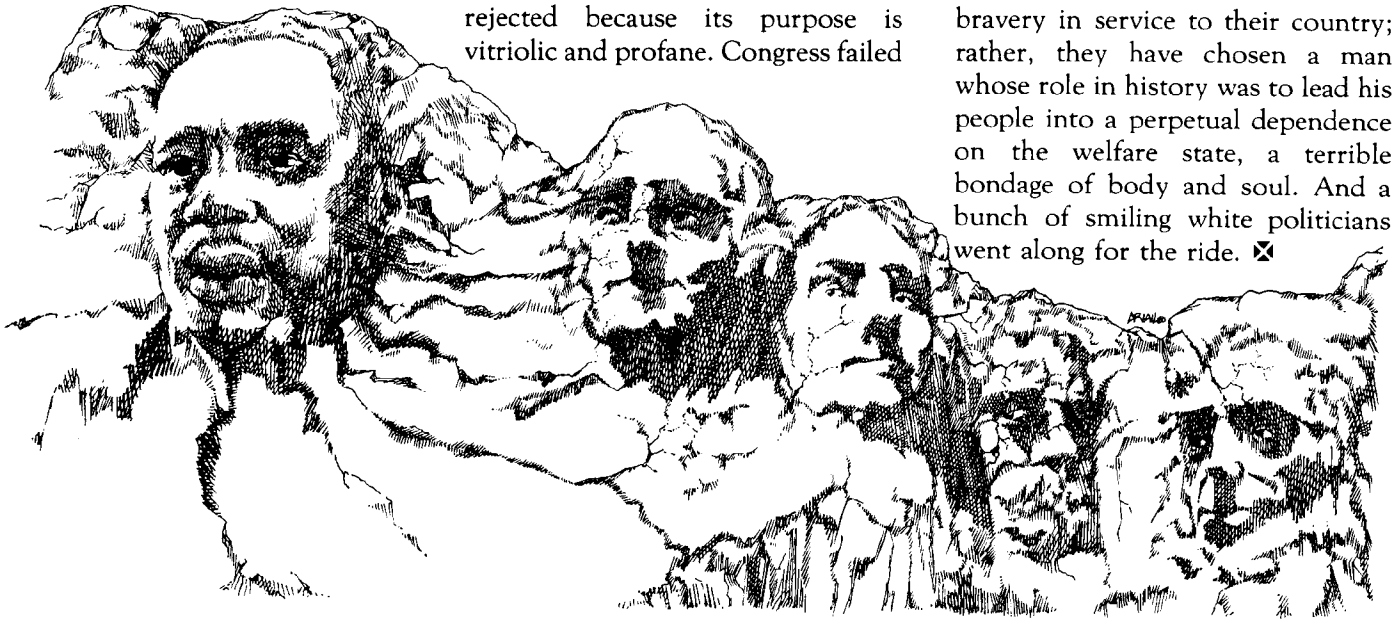
Instead, the sponsors of King Day chose a symbol that presses salt in the wounds of those old enough to remember and lies to those too young to understand.

King Day should have been rejected because its purpose is vitriolic and profane. Congress failed us (again) in its tutelary capacity to sanctify and protect national symbols.

King's memory represents, more than anything else, the idea that institutional arrangements—laws, ordinances and traditions—should be subordinated to the individual's conscience. The brand of civil disobedience he preached (and for which he is remembered) exhorts his followers to regard social reform as a process to be carried out in the streets.

The spirit of Martin Luther King is alive today in West Germany, where mobs hurl stones at soldiers and lie down in the path of military trucks. It is alive in New York and Los Angeles and Chicago where policemen and teachers and air traffic controllers conspire to paralyze our lives to improve their position. And it is alive in our schools, on our streets and in our dealings with other nations, where authority and tradition are in decline.

Ignoring the real heroes in our nation's life, the blacks have chosen a man who represents not their emancipation, not their sacrifices and bravery in service to their country; rather, they have chosen a man whose role in history was to lead his people into a perpetual dependence on the welfare state, a terrible bondage of body and soul. And a bunch of smiling white politicians went along for the ride. ⊠



Capitol Reports

ARTHUR J. FINKELSTEIN

Helms versus Hunt

Over the years, Jesse Helms of North Carolina has become the incarnation of Southern conservatism in the halls of the Federal Government. At a time when most conservatives were concerned only with the value of the dollar, Jesse has insisted that other values were equally important, as for example, the value of prayer in our schools, safety on our streets, and the value of human life (even the innocent unborn). Almost alone, Senator Helms has kept moral issues on the national agenda at a time in history when his colleagues were singularly obsessed with economic issues.

In 1984 Helms faces strong opposition for re-election, predictably from a liberal democrat. This special report on the Helms-Hunt race is provided by Arthur J. Finkelstein, who is a pollster and strategist for the Helms re-election campaign.

The race in North Carolina for the United States Senate between Jesse Helms (incumbent Senator, conservative Republican) and James Hunt (incumbent governor, liberal Democrat) is shaping up to be the closest, most controversial and most important election of 1984.

Twelve months from now, the voters of North Carolina will decide whether one of the best-known conservative leaders in America will remain in office. No man in the United States Senate is more clearly identified with a philosophy of government (other than the opposite philosophy as represented by Ted Kennedy) than Jesse Helms.

The major problem Helms faces in his re-election campaign is the demography of North Carolina. There are three times as many Democrats as Republicans. In fact, there are roughly as many Blacks in North Carolina as there are Republicans. Hunt, of course, is able to count on virtually total support from Blacks.

Therefore, to be successful, Helms must persuade at least 50% of White Democrats to cross party lines for him. Twice before in 1972 and 1978 Helms succeeded in doing just that. But the Hunt candidacy is a more serious threat than previous Helms' challengers because Hunt is deeply entrenched in the Democratic Party. Hunt is widely known and respected among Democrats which makes it more difficult for Helms to gain 50% of that party's support.

The polling shows clearly that Helms has a good overall approval rating and that his approval increases sharply among conservative groups.

Among Republicans (and those who call themselves conservative, including conservative Democrats) the ratio increases dramatically.

Hunt also is fairly popular among voters who see him as an effective governor. Therefore, part of the job of the Helms campaign will be to point out the failures of the Hunt administration: the tax increases, the rising crime rate, the diminished scores in education, the scandals, bid-rigging and cronyism that have characterized the Hunt Administration.

Even more important than that, however, Helms must overcome the obstacle of running as a Republican in a state where the Republican base is far smaller than the Democratic base. He simply must attract White Democrats in large numbers if he is to succeed. Of course, this is not a unique problem for conservative Republicans in the South. Thurmond in South Carolina and Reagan, too, face the same problem.

In attracting White Democrats, Helms is uniquely well-situated. His conservative position on economic issues and on restoring voluntary prayer in schools is well supported by White Democrats in North Carolina. Conservative Democrats, for example, support voluntary prayer by a margin of nine to one.

So the central issue in the campaign is whether Helms can move people who agree with him on issues to vote for him, even though they may think of themselves as Democrats. Since the critical question is how much Helms can cut into Hunt's Democratic base, Hunt therefore, can be expected to run a nasty campaign directed against Helms in a personal way to hold the Democrats in line. This should have no effect on Helms' base. They've heard it all before.

Another major advantage Hunt has is in the area of free media. Almost all the major newspapers in North Carolina have a liberal editorial policy and much of the media tend to shield Hunt while continually castigating Helms. A good example is the Raleigh *News and Observer*. But on substance, on issues, Helms is far superior: he's a recognized expert on international affairs; he's the first North Carolina chairman of the agriculture committee in 150 years; and his stand on social and economic issues is clearly more in tune with the people than Hunt's far more liberal position.

Basically, the problem is this: to win, Helms must get 80% or better of the Republican vote (to offset the 100% Black vote that will run to Hunt) and 50% or better of the White Democratic vote. He's done it before. And since Hunt may well be running alongside Walter Mondale next year, Jesse Helms is perfectly capable of doing it again. ⊠

Obiter Dicta

News From Grenada

As we go to press, news of the American action in Grenada is beginning to come in. Good news that the gangsters in charge there have been routed.

Elsewhere in this issue we've given the President some pretty hard knocks, for example, on his failure to react firmly to the Russian atrocity over the Sea of Japan. In dealing with the Russians, there has been a tendency in his administration (just as in those of his predecessors) to talk big and carry a soft stick, which must be a source of constant amusement to Mr. Andropov.

Yet the action in Grenada shows that Ronald Reagan is, after all, not exactly like all the rest. He has shown himself capable of twisting the nose of the bear. And that's a hopeful sign.

Mr. Reagan's ace in the hole has always been his capacity to keep the Soviets off balance, to make them wonder nervously whether the Hollywood cowboy might have real bullets in those six-guns. Because of that, at first they were scared of him. Even the bat-crazy Ayatollah Khomeini was scared of him. Why else were the hostages released on the eve of Mr. Reagan's inauguration?

The Russian nuclear arsenal is effective for them precisely because we all have a nagging fear that, properly provoked, Mr. Andropov might be just mean enough to push a few buttons. Our nuclear arsenal, on the other hand, gives us no respect in the world because our leaders have trotted all over the globe, wringing their hands, all gushy with sissy-talk about how nuclear weapons are unthinkable and how we would *never* use them under *any* circumstances.

Let us say it one more time: no one wants a war, nuclear or otherwise. But we have to keep reminding ourselves that we are engaged in a contest of nerves with the Soviets and they are much more likely to launch their missiles or shower their victims with yellow rain or encourage revolution in our hemisphere if they are led to believe that we lack either (a) the wherewithal or (b) the will to do anything about it.

For the past several years, the Russians have been led to believe both (a) and (b). No doubt that is why the boys in the Kremlin felt at liberty to order the destruction of Flight 007, then to stand in smug defiance of the Western world, refusing even to apologize.

Now suddenly a resolute American President launched a surprise attack on the Marxist dictators of Grenada with the crushing force of 2,000 Rangers and Marines. Andropov and his advisors are no doubt scratching their heads. They are, after all, not dealing with Jimmy Carter.

So we salute our President.

At such moments, the measure of patriotism is taken. Even Tip O'Neill said it: "Troops are being committed ... it is no time for me to criticize my country."

Let us hope that he and his colleagues will continue that resolve. Probably they will not.

Meanwhile the ghost of James Monroe is smiling.

Watt's Up

The crowd in D.C. was never comfortable with James Watt, in part because he was a born-again Christian, but mostly because he was *not* a phony. Mr. Reagan, on the other hand, is full of forgiveness for staffers who insult women and steal debate notes.

But the lions are hungry and must be fed. They prefer the taste of Christians.

A Nation At Risk

President Reagan recently congratulated a batch of elderly American Nobel Prize winners in science and economics. When the President left the room, one of the old boys grabbed the microphone and denounced the United States government for starving the American classroom of funds in recent years. After that, a somber-looking reporter appeared on our TV screen and asked us whether the rising generation in America will produce Nobel Prize winners, what with all the terrible cutbacks in federal funding under the Reagan Administration.

What a crock! When will the light dawn on the Nothern manufacturers of opinion?

The fifty, sixty, and seventy-year-old American scholars who won the Nobel Prize this year were products of an era when the federal government had almost nothing to do with education. The system was either private or, if public, controlled by the states and the neighborhoods.

About twenty years ago, education stopped being the business of the educational system in America. Suddenly we were more concerned with the sociology of the classroom--with racial balance and bussing and pacing the curriculum in such a way that nobody got left behind. That's why children can't read. That's why we are a nation at risk of producing no more Nobel Prize winners. And all the money in the world (which is approximately what the NEA wants us to spend) won't help. The federal government can't solve the problem. It *is* the problem.

1984
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The Dream, Part I
(A Martin Luther King Sampler)

On Violence:

The goal of the demonstrations in Selma, as elsewhere, is to dramatize injustice ... demonstrators go into the streets ... Racists resist them by unleashing violence ..."

- MLK *Saturday Review* (April 1965)

Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and foster such tension that a community ... is forced to confront the issue.

- MLK From Birmingham jail *Letter*

On Revolution:

We have been in a reform movement ... but we moved into a new era ... an era of revolution.

For years I labored with the idea of reforming existing institutions ... Now I feel quite differently. I think you've got to have a reconstruction of the entire society ... a revolution of values.

America is deeply racist and its democracy is flawed ... radical reconstruction of society itself is the real issue.

- MLK Various Speeches

On the Political Use of Children:

Commenting on the death of six Negro children in Birmingham riots:

Looking back, it is clear that the introduction of Birmingham's children into the campaign was one of the wisest moves we made.

- MLK *Why We Can't Wait*

The Dream, Part II
(Before the Myth)

The Revolutionary character of Martin Luther King's dream was clear by 1967 when, in several speeches, he compared the United States (unfavorably) to Nazi Germany. Speaking at the Riverside Church in New York City (April 4, 1967) King spoke of the Vietnam War. "So far," he said, "we have killed a million (Vietnamese) mostly children ... we test our latest weapons on them, just as the Germans tested out new medicine and new tortures in the concentration camps of Europe."

Following that attack, even the American Liberal press — and many of King's less radical camp followers — reacted patriotically. King's attack against his own country was characterized as:

... a demagogic slander that sounded like a script for Radio Hanoi.

Life Magazine (1967)

Sheer inventions of unsupported fantasy ... bitter and damaging allegations he did not and could not document ... Many who have listened to him with respect will never again accord to him the same confidence ... (He) has diminished his usefulness to his cause, to his country and to his people ...

- *The Washington Post* (1967)

The Dream, Part III
(The Myth Takes Hold)

There were six speakers at a recent taping of William Buckley's *Firing Line*. Three including Mr. Buckley spoke against Affirmative Action (i.e. racial quotas in hiring) and three spoke in favor. All six, when reaching for their rhetorical climax, reverently invoked the name of Martin Luther King, referring to his "Dream" as if it were the inspired vision of a martyred saint.

It has become risky business to speak the truth about Martin Luther King. Those who know better aren't talking. Soon they will forget.

So once again the truth has vanished into the Orwellian memory hole. Under cover of darkness, new posters were hung in the public square. Behold the people's hero. The third Monday in January will be Martin Luther King Day. Greet the New Reality. Cheer and applaud ... and forget.

Modernist vs. Traditionalist

Creeping Modernism, according to *Partisan* reader Harry Poe of Kentucky, is "a sinister disease." By comparison, he insists that "Communism is but a mild threat." Here are some of his (and our) notes toward definition:

■ *The Modernist* has lunch in the middle of the day and dinner at night.

The Traditionalist has dinner at midday and supper at night.

■ *The Modernist* belongs to NOW or CORE or PUSH.

The Traditionalist never joins organizations whose initials spell cute words and is embarrassed he once supported a thing called CREEP.

■ *The Modernist* goes to the cinema and remembers the name of the director.

The Traditionalist still calls them movies and hasn't liked very many since *Birth of a Nation*.

■ *The Modernist* wears little alligators on most every article of clothing.

The Traditionalist only looks at the label to make sure it's made of 100% cotton. Besides, the alligator is the ugliest reptile in creation, and God has caused it to crawl on its belly and eat dust.

■ *The Modernist* vacations at an exclusive twelve-story condo beach resort with luxuries he can't ordinarily afford, and he struts around the pool and across the surfside golf course in crisp new Izod summer apparel purchased for the occasion.

The Traditionalist stays in an old board and batten beach house that has teetered dependably on a stilt foundation through eighteen major hurricanes, and he wears old clothes, tromps through the marsh, and gets good and dirty.

■ *The Modernist* jogs or plays tennis all afternoon in the hot sun.

The Traditionalist sits on the front porch or in the shade of a big tree and reads ... *The Southern Partisan*.

The Velvet Horn

Andrew Lytle, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, is perhaps the South's most distinguished living man of letters. Agrarian, critic, and long-term editor of *The Sewanee Review*, he has done so much we often forget that he is really a novelist who has been all these other things only out of necessity or a sense of duty. *The Velvet Horn* reminds us of the truth: Lytle is most himself when practicing the craft of fiction. This novel is his masterpiece and one of the great monuments of the Southern Renaissance.

Set in Tennessee during the most crucial period of the South's struggle for survival, it is both a rendition of the region's historical soul and a recasting of the timeless story of man's fall. As such, it shows us why Southerners are the way they are and why the cause of the South was really the cause of Western man.

Not that Lytle tells the reader this in so many words. To the contrary, *The Velvet Horn* is a dramatic narrative of violence, incest love, and murder--all of which are rendered with such skill and integrity that they achieve a grand dignity that transcends what is merely topical or sensational.

Southerners have always neglected their best artists and encouraged their worst, who usually betray them in the end. And so has Lytle been too often overlooked by a readership that complains about fiction written at the expense of everything they believe and love. Such is not the case with Lytle. He has written works that tell us the best as well as the worst about ourselves, and he has done so with more skill and inventiveness than any man of his generation.

If Nobel Prizes were given for the reasons they were originally founded, he would have won that honor many years ago for this magnificent work of art. It has long been out of print. Now it is available again from the University of the South, 1983, $8.50 paperback, SPO 1145, Sewanee, Tennessee 37375.

The Franklin Six

The battle ended at midnight.

After less than eight hours of fighting, the casualty count was 6,200 Confederate soldiers. Among the dead scattered around the hamlet of Franklin, Tennessee were five Southern generals. They were: Generals John Adams, Patrick R. Cleburne, States Rights Gist, Hiram B. Granbury and Otho F. Strahl. Another Confederate general, John C. Carter, was mortally wounded. He would join the others in death ten days later.

The Battle of Franklin (November 30, 1864) was a dark day for the cause of the South. Now, one hundred and twenty years later, it is more important than ever that the memory of our heroes be kept alive.

The Franklin Memorial Association has recently been established to solicit the funds needed to commission bronze busts of the Confederate generals who gave their lives that night. The busts will be housed at the Carter Museum in Franklin.

Contributions are needed now so the work of the Franklin Memorial Association can go forward. Those interested in supporting this effort should write the chairman of the board of directors, Ronald T. Clemmons, who also serves as the commander in chief of the Military Order of the Stars and Bars. Donations should be sent to: The Franklin Memorial Association, P.O. Box 1641, Murfreesboro, Tennessee 37130. ⊠

The Scalawag Award

Selecting our Scalawag for this issue was not an easy task. The vote on Martin Luther King Day brought them swarming out of the woodwork.

We could have chosen, for example, Howard Baker of Tennessee, who was a prime mover of the King Bill in the Senate (and who rushed over to Teddy Kennedy and apologized when Jesse Helms got a little rough on him). But we didn't. Scalawags are turn-coats and Baker never has been any good.

We could have chosen George Wallace who chimed in unnecessarily, praising the King Day Legislation. But there is a subtle difference between a Scalawag and a demagogue.

After much deliberation, we selected Strom Thurmond of South Carolina who has caused us to wonder about the old truism that wisdom and maturity come with age. One expects young, ambitious men to shift and wobble and maneuver for career advantage. But the sight of an octogenarian running and hopping on the back of a rolling bandwagon is...well, embarrassing. And it's sad.

Strom Thurmond was once a great man, strong and fearless. Like Calhoun, the Strom Thurmond we knew forswore national ambition to better serve his state and region. He was a fire-eater. And we loved him for it.

But the time has come to face facts: Strom has been in decline for a decade or more. His support for the DC Amendment was the first sign. Then came his vote for the extension of the notorious Voting Rights Act. Finally, Strom announced his support for Martin Luther King Day. The blacks feel strongly, he said, so "I'm willing to go along."

But he didn't just go along. When Jesse Helms stood in the Senate to take his solitary stand for common sense, Howard Baker circulated a petition to force Helms off his feet. *Strom Thurmond was the first senator to grab his BIC and sign the petition.*

That signature was the last straw. Rudeness to better men is among the most unworthy traits of a Scalawag. We've always known that power corrupts ambitious men. It is now worth noting that even very old men are subject to the demon.

Next year, once again Strom Thurmond will turn to the voters of his state for support, as he has so often on election days through most of this century. Long life has given him the opportunity to witness the blinding radiance of his own legend. And in the South, we respect our elders even when they fail us.

So of course he will be re-elected. It's too bad he can't be reborn. ⊠

Trivium

TOM LANDESS

Shop-Worn Language

After the downing of Flight 007, President Reagan suggested that his critics wanted "vengeance," an ugly word even to conservatives who are more likely than most to remember that vengeance is the proper business of the Lord. By saying this, however, Mr. Reagan revealed how little he understands of the iconic role he plays as President of the United States. Strange. I'd have thought that no one understood it better.

But it wasn't his failure to take appropriate action that alone disappointed an entire nation. It was his impotent, shop-worn language as well. And not only his but that of U.N. Ambassador Jean Kirkpatrick, whom we all saw slouching over the table, arms akimbo, barking out of the corner of her mouth like a truck dispatcher. While President Reagan's delivery was predictably better, what he said was out of the same diplomatic codebook, with its tattered Victorian pages.

Let's take one term as an illustration of what's wrong with the President's rhetoric these days. The word is "barbaric," and the White House should retire it for at least fifty years, after which it might be activated and reassigned a tour of duty in Asia.

In the first place "barbaric" has been used so often that it has lost all its flavor, as surely as has a wad of chewing gum under a theater seat. It's what we said when they built the Berlin Wall. It's what we said when they invaded Afghanistan. We've used it so often in recent years that it means no more than a petulant stamp of the foot in diplomatic circles. The Russians are used to it. You can just imagine Gromyko watching the President's broadcast and nodding his head: "Barbaric. Good! They've said that before. We've gotten away with it."

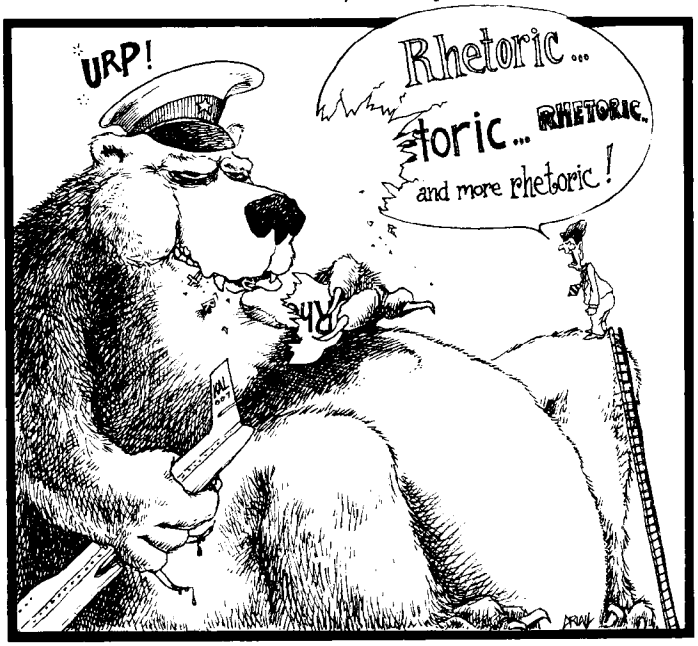
The President would have satisfied many of the American people had he called the Russians something as malevolent as "sons of bitches," as General Patton once did. (The Russians would have understood the President, too; they have the same phrase in their own language.) Of course some Americans would have quite rightly found such a phrase vulgar and therefore beneath the presidency, but in diplomatic address it would have taken on a new life and at least have matched in its tonal intensity the mood of the nation.

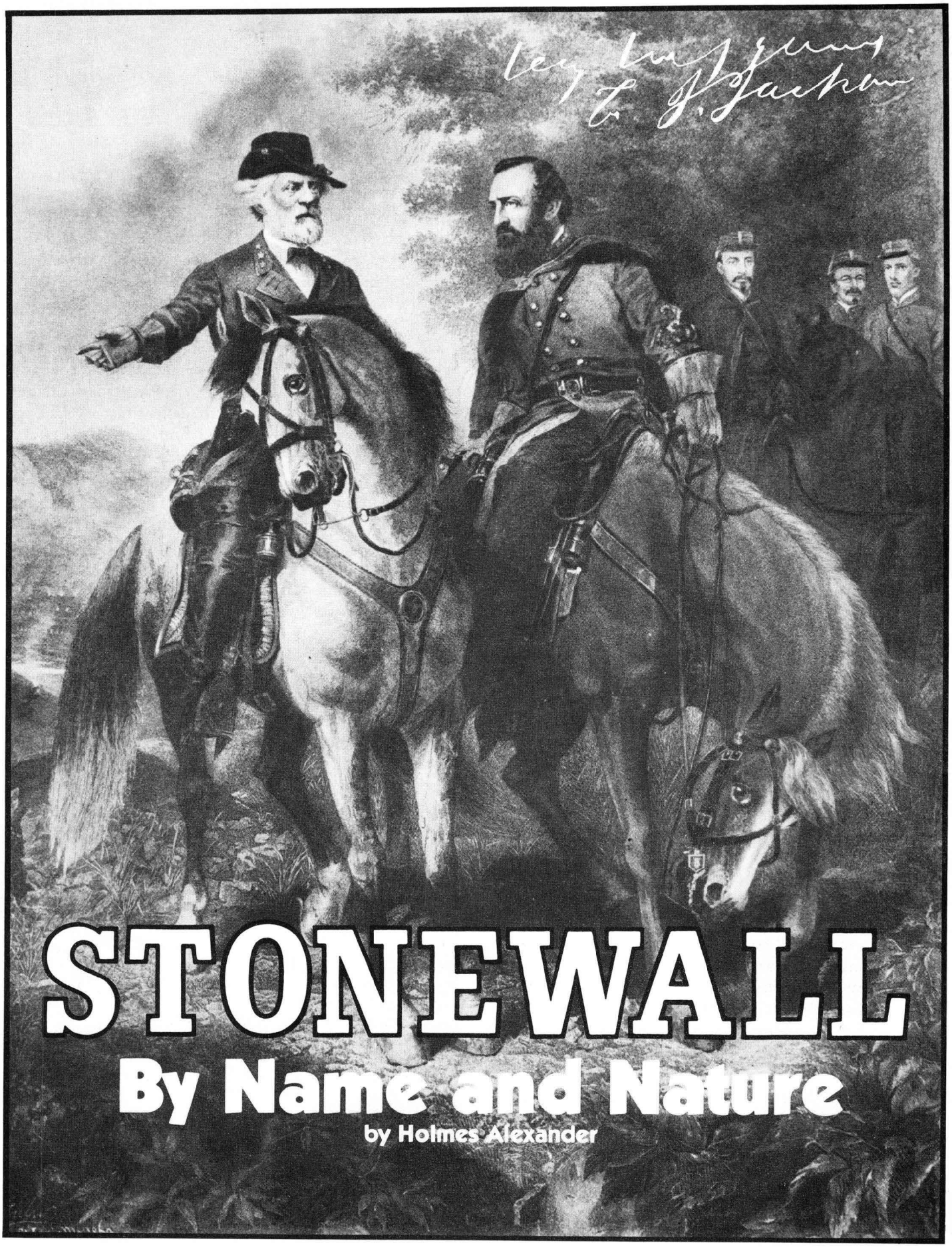
Yet my main objection to a word like "barbaric" is that it really doesn't describe the leadership of the Soviet Union; and in using it the President may actually reveal a deep-rooted misunderstanding of our adversaries, one which could in time prove fatal to us all.

While it *is* true that parts of the Soviet Union are infested with Mongols, the Kremlin leaders are operating from an impulse that is distinctly modern rather than primitive. When the ancient barbarians committed atrocities, they did so out of a brutality born of ignorance. They didn't observe civilized codes of conduct because they didn't know that such codes existed. A barbarian kills the way an animal does, and when we call a group of people barbaric we suggest that there's something brutal but natural in the way they behave.

However, what the Russians did was not the same thing as razing a village and raping its women. It was more monstrous and perverse, a cold act of the ideological will that has no precedent in nature or in ancient history. Only as recently as Robespierre do you find leaders dressed in civilized clothes who can behead their neighbors over some fine abstraction like equality. It's one thing to disembowel people in order to plunder their granaries. It's infinitely more wicked to send them to gas chambers because of their "impure blood" or to shoot them out of the skies because they're counter-revolutionaries. Hitler, Lenin, and Stalin are peculiarly modern monsters, and it's an insult to Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun to mention them in the same breath.

Not to understand this truth or to fail to speak of it in appropriate language is to forfeit our substantial moral advantage as a people who still believe that human beings are always more important than abstractions. If the President is required to call the Russians vile names--and that's exactly what this incident demanded of him--then he must learn to do it better, otherwise in the not-too-distant-future more than words may be required of us all. ⊠





STONEWALL

By Name and Nature

by Holmes Alexander

Stonewall lay dying of his wounds at Chancellorsville — "the most successful movement of my life," he murmured, and then remembered to give full credit to God. "I feel His hand led me." He had smashed Fighting Joe Hooker and 134,000 invaders of Virginia with 60,000 Confederates. Jackson didn't mention General Robert E. Lee who was with the reserves that battle.

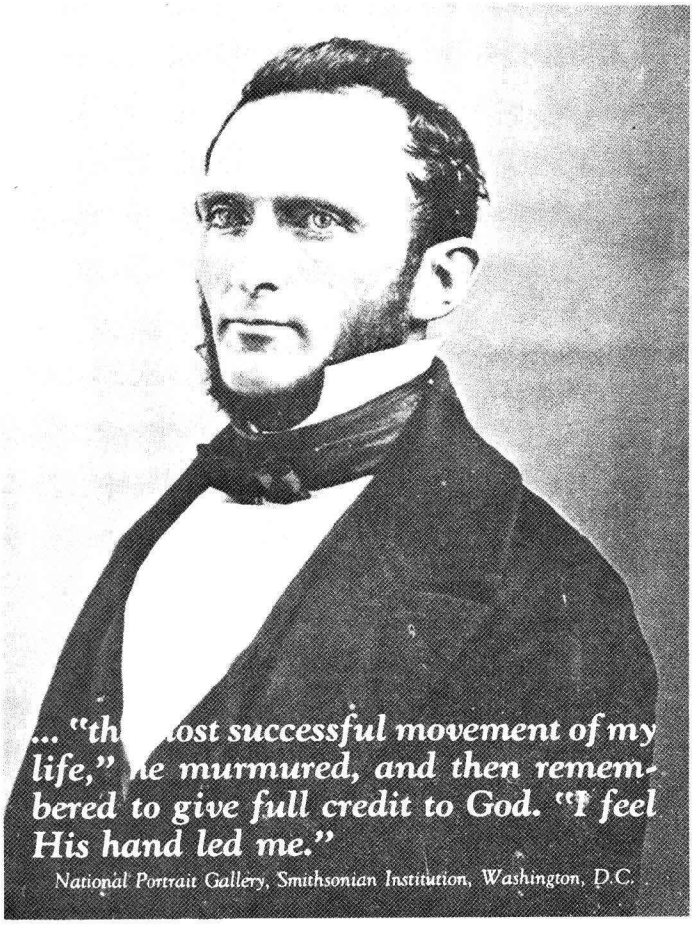
Eight days would pass from the night of May 2, 1863, when a Confederate volley ironically struck Jackson down, until his beloved physician, Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, his ear close to the General's lips, made out the unforgettable words, "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade of the trees." The length of the death watch gave ample time for soldiers' talk of battle, death and wartime politics. Much of it took place around Jackson's shattered body which had been moved by litter and wagon-ambulance, often under Yankee artillery barrage, through mountain terrain to Guiney's station some forty-five miles from Richmond. Somebody mentioned the then pending resolution before the Confederate government to designate Jackson's original command as the Stonewall Brigade, wholly unprecedented in military orders.

Out of the fumes of whiskey, chloroform and antimony and opium with which Dr. McGuire had dosed his patient while amputating the left arm and fighting pleuro-pneumonia, Stonewall spoke up to disclaim the Stonewall title. He always said it belonged to the first Virginia Brigade. Now he murmured that the "Government ought certainly accede ... and authorize them to assume the title; for it was fairly earned."

He gasped for breath and repeated what he often had told to presumptuous strangers. "The name Stonewall ought to be attached wholly to the brigade and not to me." No one except his commander, General Lee, is known to have gone unrebuked for mentioning "our Stonewall" in Jackson's presence.

But the disclaimer, then and forever, came to be universally ignored, and his contemporaries said he came by the name long before it was given him. They remembered him as a gritty boy. One West Virginia lady recalled him in bed with a mustard plaster across his chest when a rider was needed for a small errand. He quietly mounted and carried out the mission. When asked why he hadn't removed the plaster first, he said he expected to bear pain in life, and had better get used to it.

There was only one Stonewall, and yet a century after him, in writing his biography, I found that many Americans had to be told that the true name of the world-famous warrior, born January 21, 1824, in the only brick house in Clarksburg, Virginia, was Thomas Jonathan Jackson; furthermore, that Old Hickory, Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, was another fellow — a close friend and Congressional colleague of the Virginia Jacksons, but unrelated, though both sets of ancestors had migrated from the same parish in Londonderry, Northern Ireland.


... "th ost successful movement of my life," e murmured, and then remembered to give full credit to God. "I feel His hand led me."
National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Perhaps because of the unaccustomed whiskey (he had early sworn off strong liquors because they were too much for him), some sad, sentimental memories may have caused a smile to pass beneath the thick black beard, across the sensitive mouth, and into the steel-blue eyes. There was a postwar romance in Mexico which many, including his wife, knew about, but no one left the senorita's name to history. At Fort Meade, Florida, he was the second man in a love triangle, a contributory reason for his spending eighteen days under military arrest and resigning from the U.S. Army. The girls in Mexico had taught him to dance, and he'd become a ballroom favorite while stationed at posts which held soirees.

But he had been shy and withdrawn from childhood, unsophisticated about women. While a bachelor-professor at the Virginia Military Institute, he confessed to a strange malaise and his friend, General-to-be D. H. Hill playfully told Jackson he was in love. Among the few eligible females in the small college town of Lexington, Virginia, were Ellie and Maggie, daughters of the Reverend Junkin, president of Washington College. The girls were five years apart in age, but dressed and behaved like inseparable twins, so that a less susceptible, absent-minded professor than Jackson might have made a mistake. In any event, Jackson became engaged and married to the younger, Ellie, but probably was in love with Maggie, and she certainly with him (which Maggie, a published poet and autobiographical novelist, made clear enough when it was too late).

... he was adored as the reputed composer of the Rebel Yell in which he heartily joined during a bayonet charge.

Poor Ellie died in childbirth, after fourteen months of marriage, and Jackson plunged off on a three-month tour of Europe. Did Tom and Maggie think their feelings incestuous enough to hide within the marriages they both soon made — Maggie to a widower with seven children, Tom to the plump, jolly Anna Morrison of North Carolina, another Presbyterian minister's daughter?

All three of these women in Tom's life and also his younger sister Laura, thought him a dashing good-looker (this was before he let his trim military mustache and British sideburns sprout into a beard), but he was not always so sharp. When he arrived, 1842, at West Point, he looked a bumpkin in his home-spun clothing, carrying his sweat-stained saddle bags.

The raw country boy, with his long, awkward stride and clumsy seat on horseback, was so unsoldierly that some cadets mockingly called him "General" after the hero of New Orleans and former President. He gradually became "Hickory," which degenerated into Hick and Fool Tom, nicknames that dogged him for ten difficult years as a classroom figure of ridicule.

Even after assuming the Confederate Army commission, Jackson was seldom spruce, in a kepi cap pulled down over his nose, enormous cavalry boots and rumpled blue Union coat which he neglected to replace until Jeb Stuart sent him a tailored gray garb. His eccentricities caused many subordinates to question his sanity, but he had a coterie of devoted friends. The name which acquired unbounded affection was Old Jack. His men loved to cheer him with it, and he was adored as the reputed composer of the Rebel Yell in which he heartily joined during a bayonet charge.

To compound confusion about names, he wasn't baptized until age twenty-four when a muddled Episcopal rector at St. John's Church, Long Island, entered him in the register as Thomas *Jefferson* Jackson (instead of Thomas Jonathan Jackson). Had he noticed the slip, Brevet Major Jackson, by then a conspicuous hero at the storming of Mexico City, 1847, would have exploded with rare high-caliber rage, but he probably was unaware. Even in the prime years he was short of sight, hard of hearing, ludicrously absent-minded and known in military, academic, and social circles as a hypochondriac whose imagined ills were countless. He had a reason to be sensitive about that "Jonathan," which he had inserted during adolescence as an act of defiance.

Jonathan Jackson, his father, had been the weakling of an extraordinarily virile tribe (being one of fifteen whose six-foot mother lived to be 105). Jonathan was a failed lawyer amid relatives who were legal eagles of the frontier, an embezzler of political funds to the mortification of the Jacksons who were peacock proud of their integrity. Jonathan died when Tom was too young to remember him, but it was his often-repeated ambition in letters to Laura and other relatives to restore the family "fame."

He intended to do this in the practice of law, where his male relatives had been luminaries, going on to serve in the legislature, Congress, federal and state conventions, or as a "soldier of the Cross," for he admired the Christian clergy above all other professions. But he learned in Mexico that he was born to fight.

"Fame!" The dying soldier slept fitfully, and at wakeful interludes talked of immortality — but the spiritual kind — with Chaplain Drury Lacy who slipped away with Jackson's amputated arm and reverently buried it at Elwood, the nearby family estate. Jackson, at thirty-eight with hardly two years of activity in this War Between the States, could not know that he would be accorded acclaim beyond any officer of the struggle. Statues would rise to him on both sides of the Potomac — in Richmond, Virginia, and Charleston, West Virginia; in Lexington, Virginia, Baltimore and Clarksburg, West Virginia. There in his birthtown, the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy pooled their widow's mites and purchased what they could afford, a small equestrian statue of a museum piece which they mounted on the plaza of the Harrison County court house.

He could not know that such renown from friend and foe, in a losing and unpopular war, was equally rendered for his integrity of character as for his generalship. After Jackson's death, Lincoln wrote to the Washington *Daily Chronicle* and thanked its editorial writer for "the excellent and manly article in the *Chronicle* on Stonewall

Jackson." The editor had written that Jackson's death had removed from the "accursed cause" of secession "its bravest, noblest and purest defender."

It was sporting of Lincoln because Old Jack had virtually laid siege to the Federal capital ever since April, 1861. That was when Jackson and his Virginians stemmed a Yankee drive at the First Battle of Manassas, turning a seeming Northern victory into a rout that carried thirty miles away to the bridges of Washington. It was only the beginning in the arms-length chess game of war between Old Jack and Old Abe. Driven by public demand for a quick subjugation of these upstart Rebels, Lincoln first tried to cut Virginia in two by attacking on the ill-fated banks of Bull Run. When Jackson foiled him there, Lincoln sent a huge invasion army with Navy escort to strike at Richmond from the peninsula between the James and York Rivers. But flanking both Washington and the invasion force under Major General George B. McClellan lay the fertile Shenandoah Valley — and Stonewall Jackson.

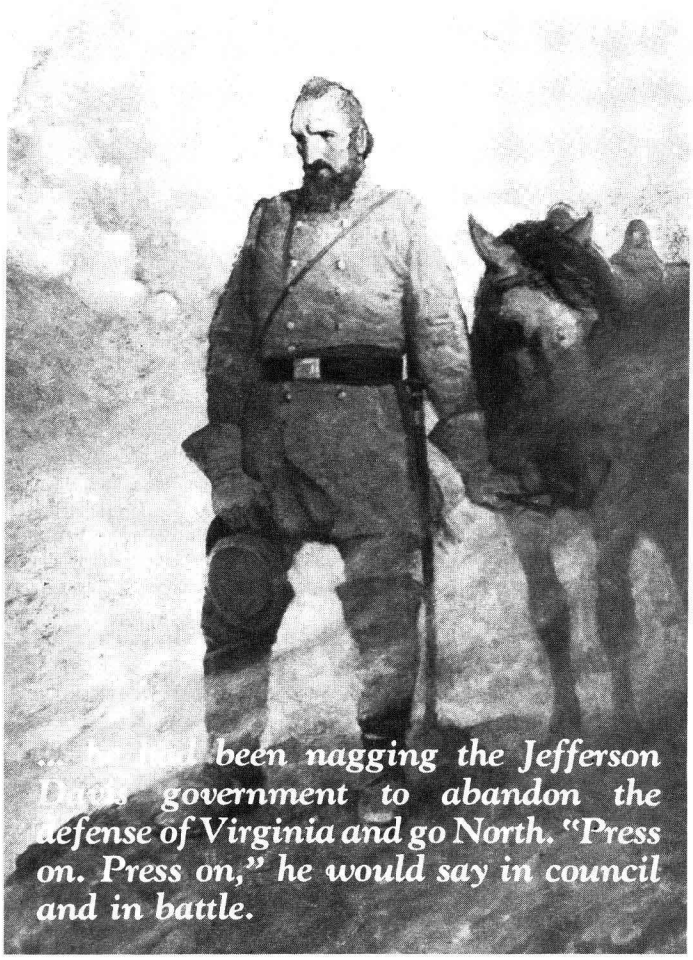
Lincoln recalled what had happened in James Madison's administration when marauders stormed over the White House lawn and Capitol Hill, putting the government buildings to the torch. The President set out to smash Jackson with overwhelming numbers, thus removing both the menace to Washington and to McClellan's position before Richmond. But Jackson beat Lincoln's generals, one by one: McDowell, Banks, Fremont, Pope, and now Hooker.

The smitten Jackson was cogent enough to surmise from the number of clergymen and surgeons around him, as well as the arrival of Anna and their baby from Richmond, that he was not expected to live much longer. His life had seen the strange mix of sad and glad. Laura, the devoted kid sister, had turned Unionist when their mountain counties had become West Virginia. She said she would rather have her brother dead than a Rebel leader.

But what companions they once had been! At their father's death the Clarksburg brick house was sold for debt, and the widowed Julia Jackson accepted a much smaller place from the Order of Masons. She tried to support her three surviving children by going out to sew and teach, but when they took to escaping into the town she decided to plant them among relatives — Warren, the eldest, to her own people, the Neales of Wood County on the Ohio; Tom and Laura to Jackson's Mill, some eight miles away.

This was Jackson country. Hundreds of acres of timberland went with the estate, a powerful man-made dam turned the wheels to saw planks, grind corn, move machinery in the various shops. Jackson's Mill was a village industry not unlike Mount Vernon, except that the Jacksons who worked side by side with their slaves, were gifted mechanics as well as builders, harvesters, cattle raisers, and horse racers.

Tom was definitely First Family, both in wealth and prominence. What happiness he lived with his giant guardian, Uncle Cummins, the political boss, and with Laura to whom he wrote from West Point about life at the Mill, where there were "none to give mandate; none for me to obey but as I chose, supported by my playmates and relatives, all apparently to promote my happiness."


...been nagging the Jefferson
government to abandon the
defense of Virginia and go North. "Press
on. Press on," he would say in council
and in battle.

But sorrows came. Tom's mother, Julia remarried a no-account lawyer, Blake Woodson, for whom Uncle Cummins found a clerkship in the new wilderness county of Fayette, and soon Tom and Laura were riding behind the saddles of relatives to the desolate county seat of Anent where Julia was dying of childbed fever. She gave them her blessing, a religious memory that never left Tom. But Woodson buried Julia in an unmarked grave that Tom could never find, in a state that proved as faithless as Laura to the Old Dominion.

Now Anna came beside him. Hardly more than a week ago she had stayed with him at winter headquarters, and "he was in the full flush of vigorous manhood, and during that last blessed visit, I never saw him look so handsome, so happy and so noble." Today he was maimed and feeble, his body scarred from the undergrowth he had been dragged through. She knelt and said that "before this day closes you will be with the blessed Savior in his glory." Old Jack did not fear death, but he thought the Lord God still had need for him on earth. Ever since First Manassas, he had been nagging the Jefferson Davis government to abandon the defense of Virginia and go North. "Press on. Press on," he would say in council and in battle.

Chaplain Lacy turned up with a verbal get-well message from Lee: "He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."

Back in boyhood at Jackson's Mill, he had discovered his military genius without knowing it. Much he learned from the Old Testament battles. Uncle Cummins' patronage got him the post of county constable, and he outwitted scoundrels. He worked on cutting the mountains for the Staunton-to-Parkersburg turnpike, but before that he had prowled the hills which had once been the buffalo hunting grounds of the Shawnee Indians. He curiously followed the faint trails of the hunted and hunter, finding there the shortest and well-hidden paths to springs, salt licks, fords, and clearings. The reason he beat all of Lincoln's generals in the Valley campaigns was his topographer, Jed Hotchkiss, whom Stonewall ordered to map every acre between Harpers Ferry and Winchester. Not Napoleon nor Cromwell, but Hotchkiss, was the reason Stonewall's men so often turned up unexpectedly when the Union generals thought them miles away.

Chaplain Lacy turned up with a verbal get-well message from Lee: "He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."

It was well and generously said. Lee had never won a battle without Jackson, and never lost one with him. The night before Chancellorsville, Jackson had mulled with Hotchkiss over a map spread on a cracker box. With them were Lee and Charles Wellford, proprietor of Catharine Furnace, an iron foundry deep in the woods known as the Wilderness, and the Wellford's sixteen-year-old son.

Were there any little-known trails through the Wilderness, Jackson wanted to know. Hotchkiss soon traced them out on the map, quite a different battle plan than Lee had previously drawn, but the commander acceded to Jackson's advice. Leaving Lee with two reserve divisions, Jackson set off before dawn with most of the Confederate corps. They marched all day, unseen, to strike Hooker's superior forces in the rear and send them fleeing in panic.

"They are running too fast for us," cried a young officer to Old Jack. "We can't keep up with them."

"They never run too fast for me, sir," Stonewall replied. He would like to chase Fighting Joe into the Rappahannock and beyond. That is why he was out in front of his own pickets when a North Carolina scouting unit fired into the darkness and brought him down.

A single shot fired from a friendly rifle, achieved what none of Lincoln's generals had been able to do. Stonewall was dead. Without him the Cause was lost. ⊠

***Holmes Alexander, a novelist, biographer, editor, and syndicated columnist, now retired lives in Washington. Among his works is* Stonewall Jackson: The Hidden Years.**

I Rode With Stonewall

By Henry Kyd Douglas (A True Account)

About the time of setting sun and before we reached Harrisonburg, General Jackson called for me. The sky was covered with heavy clouds and the rain was falling heavily. The General handed me a paper from under his rubber cape and requested me to take it to General Richard S. Ewell. And proceeded to tell me that he was on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, somewhere near Culpeper CourtHouse. While my heart stood still with amazement, he told me the contents of the paper and added that, as it was very important, he did not care to send it by courier. He wanted it delivered by daylight in the morning.

For a moment I was stampeded, paralyzed. I had never been over a foot of the country and had only a vague idea that Culpeper was somewhere beyond the mountains; but how to get there I could not imagine. Night was upon us; it was raining like the deluge; and I had already ridden to and fro about twenty-five miles that day. But a young man soon rallies and I pulled myself together quickly. I was being weighed in the balance right there and I determined to throw all my weight on the scales.

"General, I will start at once if I can get a horse."

"Take my mare," said generous Kidder Meade of the staff, who had left an arm at Bull Run, "and strike for Stanardsville first."

As I rode away on Meade's spirited dun mare, in reply to my "good night," came the voice of the General — "A successful and pleasant ride!"

It was kindly meant, but it sounded singularly like sarcasm. Forward I went into the night and mud, every

minute growing darker and wetter. But all weariness was gone and I felt as fresh as my mottled horse. In a little while I was rounding the base of the Massanutten Mountain where it breaks as abruptly down into the Valley as it rises from it as Strasburg; and the towering mass horrified the night. Then on through McGaheysville and across the South Ford of the Shenandoah to Conrad's Store (now Elkton). Here as I approached the Blue Ridge I felt almost helpless in the impenetrable stormy night. I stopped to make some inquiries and procured a small bottle of whiskey for an emergency. Then into and up the black mountain.

Vision was impossible, but fortunately the road was solid and fairly good and my horse could keep to it. I could reach out my hand and feel her neck and ears, but could not see them. My speed was necessarily slackened, not only because safety required some caution. At times I heard the water rush under us and across the road and tumble in torrents so far down below that I knew we were traveling on perilous edges. The ascent seemed very steep and very long. At last we reached the summit of Swift Run Gap. It was from this summit and through this gap that Governor Alexander Spotswood and his knights of the Golden Horseshoe, in 1716, obtained the white man's first view of the Valley of Shenandoah. From the same point I did not partake of their enchantment.

Just here I met a knight of a less romantic order. He was a belated, bedraggled, drowsy courier plodding his way from General Ewell to General Jackson. From him I extracted some useful information as to my route and in return gave him a pull at my flask. It was vile stuff, but as he seemed to like it I gave him the bottle and left him on the summit.

The descent was quicker and I soon went plunging into Stanardsville, having done at least thirty-seven miles on the blooded mare. Here I tried to get another horse but failed. My efforts cost me half an hour and then I moved on. Anxiety for my noble beast added another horror to the night. Just out of Stanardsville the road forked in the middle of a broad and shallow stream, and of course I took the wrong branch. Half a mile beyond I aroused the inmates of a cabin and learned my mistake. Retracing my steps, I was soon in front of a white farm house. A few well-directed shouts brought an astonished head out of an upper window. I appealed to its owner for a horse. I fancied I saw him smile satirically as he declined, but he politely urged me to "come in out of the wet."

I then knew I must play trumps, and I said plaintively, "My dear friend, I am an officer of Stonewall Jackson's staff, carrying an important message, and I must have a fresh horse."

"The devil" was the resonse I had, and down went the window. But immediately I heard at the back of the house with rising inflection, "Saul! Saul! Drat that sleepy nigger! There you are — run you woolly head, bring out the big black mare and be quick about it!" He soon appeared with Saul, the horse, and a lantern, and helped to exchange the saddle and bridle. As I climbed from the fence on the mare and was about to ride away, he threw the light of the lantern in my face and said in a tender voice, "Good luck. I have a boy, maybe your age, with Stonewall Jackson."

My new beast was as tall as a dromedary, and as I steered her through the deep mud she seemed to plough it like a gunboat, and knew just as little about a riding bridle. Madison Court House was not quite fifteen miles, and when we reached it she was worn out. There, fortunately, was a courier station. I exchanged her for a little gray horse. I clattered through the streets of that slumbering town, and was soon in the open country and on another deep mud road. Suddenly my horse slipped, gave a groan and was down, and I rolled off into the mire. I jumped up and asked him to do the same, but he never responded and was apparently dead. Taking off the saddle, I stood by the roadside in hopeless bewilderment. I looked about me and could see no habitation, no light, nothing. Just then a little imp jumped into the road on the opposite side, with a "Good Lordy, wats dat?" Explanations followed. He was on his way to town for the doctor for "ole missus." He said it was "a mile or mo' from town 'round de road, but catabias' cross de fiel's not more'n half a mile — not dat." I bribed him with a dollar to hurry to the tavern and tell him to send me another horse, and he disappeared like a rabbit in the dark.

I sat on the fence and waited. The rain was pouring down, I was covered with mud and soaking, my little horse gave no sign of life, the night was passing, and my spirits were sinking rapidly. But the little darky came, the forerunner of another white horse which soon made its appearance. I was soon mounted and as my little black angel received the dollar and let go my bridle he cried, "Golly, I mos' forgot! I mus' run back after de doctor!"

After nine miles more of spurring and splashing I ran into James City, where I changed to a tall gaunt roan that carried me valiantly the eleven miles to Culpeper Court House. As I approached there was a suspicion of light in the direction of dawn and the rain had partially worn itself out. In all direction of dawn and the rain had partially worn itself out. In all directions I heard the drums of an early reveille, and presently encountered a group of men sitting on their horses in the gloaming. I found it was General Dick Taylor, son of General Zachary Taylor of Mexican fame, and his staff. Learning that he was ordered to march and evidently in the wrong direction, I suggested to him that he should not move until he heard from General Ewell, who, he said, was encamped beyond Brandy Station.

One of his staff kindly offered me a fresh horse, and General Taylor ordered a courier to lead the way and "ride like the devil." This the courier did and so did I; but as I had been doing that thing all night it was no novelty to me. We rushed along like a pair of John Gilpins and, as it never seemed to occur to my guide that I might be nearly worn out, I didn't mention it.

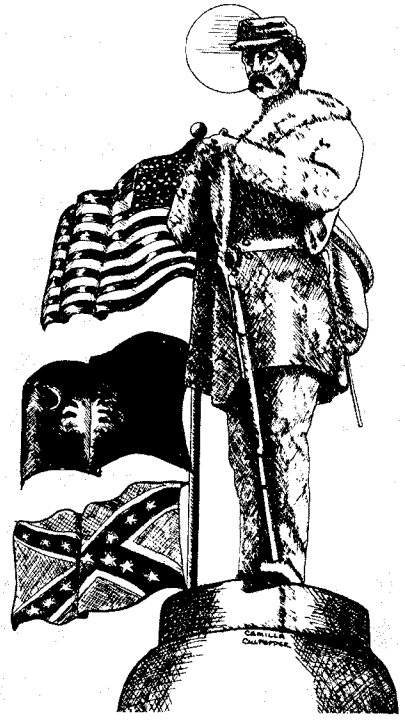
But we soon made the six miles to Brandy station. After going several miles beyond we drew rein at General Ewell's headquarters just as I was beginning to be exhausted beyond endurance. The General was just up and I dismounted and handed him the crumpled and saturated dispatch. He read it, and quickly turning to me, said, "You don't say—" The sentence was not finished. Seeing me totter and about to fall, he caught me, led me to his cot, and laid me there; and then the dear, rough, old soldier made the air blue with orders for brandy and coffee and breakfast — not for himself but for me. My ride was done and nature asserted itself by reaction and exhaustion. In less than twenty hours I had ridden about one hundred and five miles, and since I left General Jackson I had passed around the Massanutten, over the Blue Ridge, and through rain and mud and impenetrable night had been under the strain of a cavalry charge for more than eighty miles.

When I revived and had something to eat, the General sent me in his ambulance to Culpeper Court House, where I remained in bed in a hotel for twenty-four hours. Then I began to retrace my steps. It was a weary ride, taking up my horse as I went, and at ten o'clock the second night I rode up to General Jackson's Headquarters near Conrad's Store. It had not ceased to rain for an hour since I left, and except when in bed I had been clad in soaking garments from start to finish.

I went into the General's room to report. It was empty of furniture and on the hearth were some dying coals of a wood fire. He was lying on the floor upon a thin mattress, wrapped in a blanket and asleep. I awoke him and made my report. He listened politely and then with "Very good. You did get there in time. Good night," he turned over to sleep and I left the room. I will not attempt to describe my surprise and indignation at this cool reception. Refusing to be comforted by the staff, who knew the General better, I threw off my heavy, soggy clothes and retired in grievous diappointment to an uncomfortable bed. A letter that had come through the lines, in a delicate handwriting and with a little gold ring enclosed, did turn my thoughts somewhat in a different direction. After a while youth and tired nature took possession of me and I slept.

The next morning the General sent for me. He was alone, sitting on a campstool, gazing into the fire. He arose, holding in his hand a dispatch which he said he had just recieved from General Ewell, and then remarked, "Mr. Douglas, Major Baylor leaves me today to take command of the Fifth Regiment of the Stonewall Brigade, and I want to assign you to duty as Assistant Inspector General of my staff." What I said, I do not clearly remember, but my wounded pride was healed. Thus I entered the military family of Stonewall Jackson.

The author of this account, Henry Kyd Douglas survived the War to become a circuit judge in Maryland. He died in 1903 of tuberculosis. The diary of Henry Kyd Douglas was first published in 1940 by Mockingbird Books. It is reprinted here by permission from* Virginia Country *magazine.



Confederate Prayer

By
Robert Norris Stanley

Noble statue tall and straight,
Guardian of our fathers' fate,
Does't thou view thy colors fly
From thy post on marble high?

Proudly do we count its stars,
Thirteen, nestled mid cross bars.
May this banner ever wave
As tribute to our Southern Brave.

Noble statue, guard it well,
With thy musket, shot, and shell.
Call to muster all that may
Forever wish to see it stay.

GOD in HEAVEN help us lest
We should fail to meet the test,
To keep our Nation strong and blest,
And fly *our* flag mid all the rest.

This poem was written in response to a militant group who sought to remove the flag from "its rightful place" at the city park in Orangeburg, South Carolina. A "flexible" city council sat in judgement on the matter. Ultimately, I am sad to report, our banner came down.

RNS

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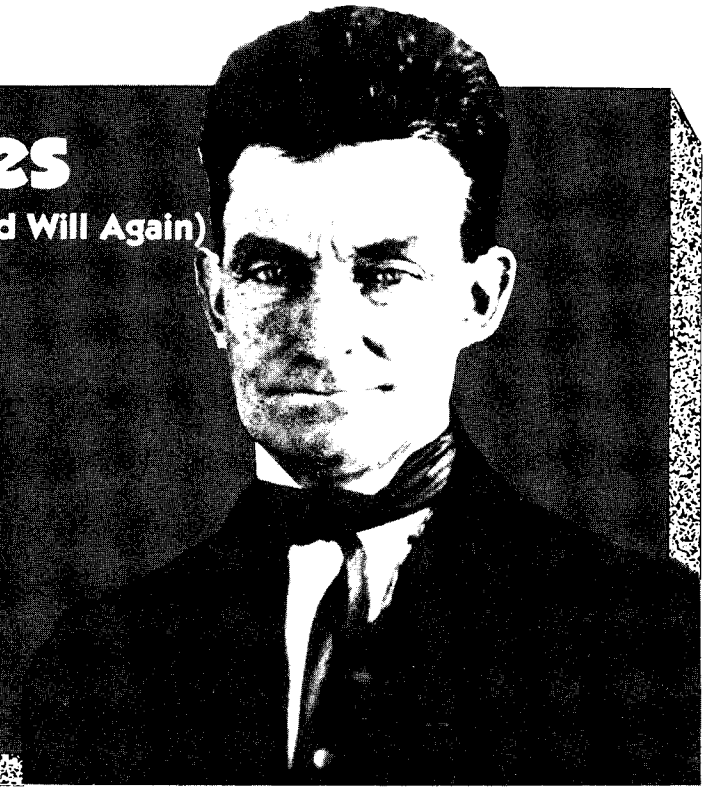
John Brown Lives

(Or Why We've Heard It All Before ... And Will Again)

By Mark Tapscott



PART I

Pick up any issue of *The Washington Post*, turn to the editorials, and you are likely to find a jeremiad lambasting the nation for its failure to achieve the dream of justice, equality, and security for every citizen. Always the dream is unfulfilled, unreached--off in the distance, sparkling with promise.

The key word is "promise." Something undelivered, toward which we must stretch ourselves. And the best dreamers--the elite--will help us reach the shining city if we give them our faith, our dollars and submit ourselves to their supervision.

Eric Voegelin identified this outlook as "gnostic millenarianism." It is the conviction that the millenium is attainable through political means—that we can "immanentize the eschaton."

Uncle Sam has become one of the all-time biggest eschaton immanentizers. It wasn't necessarily by Uncle's choice, though, and that is what this essay is all about. That and John Brown's role in forcing Sam to accept the promise. So let us now turn to a biographical sketch of "the old idiot" (the phrase used by a Chicago editor to describe John Brown in 1859).

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PART II

John Brown was born in Connecticut at the dawn of the nineteenth century. His youth was spent in an atmosphere of the strictest New England Puritanism. Brown's father taught him early in life "to fear God and keep all of His commandments." Among those commandments, the elderly Brown numbered an injunction that his son "not hate Negroes but to be kind to them and to oppose their enslavement as a sin against God, as ... the younger Jonathon Edwards had proclaimed." Thus, from an early age, Brown was taught to view the South and its Northern sympathizers as rebels against the Holy God.

Several of his favorable biographers tell of the twelve-year-old Brown's encounter during a cattle drive with a slave and his master. Brown later wrote of the slave being "badly clothed, poorly fed" and made the continuous object of his master's iron-shovelled wrath. Brown claimed the experience of seeing the "wretched, hopeless condition" of the "fatherless and motherless" slave boy was the decisive turning point in his becoming "a most determined foe" of the peculiar institution.

Brown's adult years prior to Harpers Ferry were, in a word, a failure. While fathering a large family, Brown moved from Massachusetts to Ohio, from Illinois to New York, and, finally, to "Bleeding Kansas" in 1855. Along the way, Brown seemed to have little else to do but read abolitionist literature, attend church, and flee creditors. Successive failures in tanning, farming, land speculation, and, most disastrously, wooling did not make for a pretty picture.

Despite his abject poverty, Brown managed to stay current with developments in the abolitionist movement

and meet many of its luminaries. Chief among those were the fiery William Lloyd Garrison, with whose theology Brown radically disagreed, and Frederick Douglass, the escaped Maryland slave.

As early as 1847, Brown told Douglass that he, Brown, was "not adverse to the shedding of blood" in the abolition of slavery. Brown also explained to Douglass that Southern slaveholders "would never be induced to give up their slaves until they felt a big stick about their heads." Quoting to a skeptical Douglass the Ninth Chapter of Hebrews that "almost all things are by the Law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood there is no remission," Brown described the feasibility of a guerrilla operation to free the slaves by way of inciting a rebellion.

Nothing seems to have come from that conversation until the nation was wracked with the Fugitive Slave Law controversy. Brown then organized the "United States Branch of Gileadites." With "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," Brown encouraged a rag-tag band of Northern Freedmen to kill federal enforcers of the hated law.

As lawsuits from angry creditors mounted, Brown found himself increasingly led to seek new opportunities. Believing that "Divine Providence has been cutting me loose, one chord after another," Brown decided in 1854 that "all ties must soon be severed." Within a year, Brown joined three of his sons in Kansas, there to join the free state settlers fighting to keep the territory lily-white.

It was first in the flat cauldron of "Bleeding Kansas" that Brown displayed all the fundamental elements of the gnostic millenarian in action. Brown was less interested in giving his family a fresh start than he was in winning a victory "for God and the Right." If a little land speculation proved successful along the way, so much the better.

In the ensuing struggle, Brown, who kept a studied distance from the more moderate leadership of the free state movement, was instrumental in arranging delivery of arms and ammunition to Kansas free staters from prominent New England "philanthropists" and participated in numerous quasi-military operations against the "border ruffians," as the Northern Republican press called Southerners in Kansas.

Through it all, Brown maintained that Southern settlers in Kansas were "the legions of Satan" and opined that he would "just as soon shoot such demons as to eat his breakfast." Rumors of massacres by both sides often swept the Kansas settlements and retaliatory raids were not uncommon. When rumor of one such massacre reached Brown in his settlement on the Pottawottomie Creek in the fall of 1856, he decided the time had come for "a radical retaliatory measure" that would involve "some killing." When exhorted to act with caution, the old man exploded: "Caution, caution, Sir? I am eternally tired of that word, caution. It is nothing but the word of cowardice."

The radical measure which followed was simply the cold-blooded murder with sharpened broadswords of five Southern settlers from near the Pottawottomie Creek. Brown and his sons led their victims out in the night and hacked them to death. Curiously, the father did not join the sons in the actual killings, preferring instead to watch grisly proceedings in a transfixed silence. When later accused by free state leaders of a mad, wicked act, Brown responded that "God is my judge. We were justified under the circumstances."

Herein lies a critical aspect of the gnostic millenarian's understanding of his own role in bringing about the millenium. Whatever the circumstances, if any particular act is thought necessary, it is, because sanctioned by God, justified. In Brown's own words, "it was better that a score of bad men should die than one man who came here to make Kansas a free state should be driven out."

From this point forward in Brown's life, the mundane pursuits of life held no charm. Moving his wife to North Elba, New York, and leaving his two surviving sons in Kansas (one, Frederick, had died in a skirmish), Brown fixed his entire attention upon recruiting a righteous legion to go South and free the slaves.

Much could be said about the nearly three years of lectures, appeals and traveling about the New England abolitionist circuit Brown endured in preparation for the Virginia raid. Here, it should be noted that Brown secured funding from the "Secret Six," a group of wealthy New Englanders, and strangely purchased three hundred long pikes, rather than rifles, and recruited a small band of misguided idealists, unemployed vagabonds from Kansas and elsewhere in the North and assorted other never-do-wells. The band received rudimentary military training, was sworn to secrecy and went off to Virginia, death, and, at least for Brown, martyrdom.

Surveying the events in Brown's life, particularly those of the Pottawottomie Massacre in Kansas, and, of course, those which transpired in Virginia, it is today sometimes difficult to think of the martyr as anything but an idealistic fanatic who got himself and a bunch of other poor souls killed or hung. It is not that simple.

Not so simple because, as one unconsciously honest editorial in *The Boston Transcript* noted in the wake of Harpers Ferry, "John Brown may be a lunatic but if that be so, then one-fourth of the people of Massachusetts are madmen." Putting aside the temptation to draw more contemporary conclusions about that state's political health, it must be observed that Brown awakened in the Northern public an emotion characteristic of societies given over to the pursuit of the gnostic promise of millenial perfection on earth. Brown was not alone in thinking the "Puritan Father's New Jerusalem" was not merely a New England phenomenon but, rather, a divine mandate upon the nation as a whole.

That promise had to be fulfilled. Any measure, no matter how gruesome or repulsive, was divinely justified in pursuit of the promise. Brown believed himself to be "an instrument in the hands of Providence" in the consuma-

tion of the promise. Where Brown was willing to lead, others in the North were prepared to herald the way, especially in the Northern media.

James Redpath, an enterprising muckraker for several Northern newspapers, covered Kansas during and for some time after Brown's bloody tenure in the territory. Among his dispatches, Redpath filed the following which was typical of many being read throughout the North:

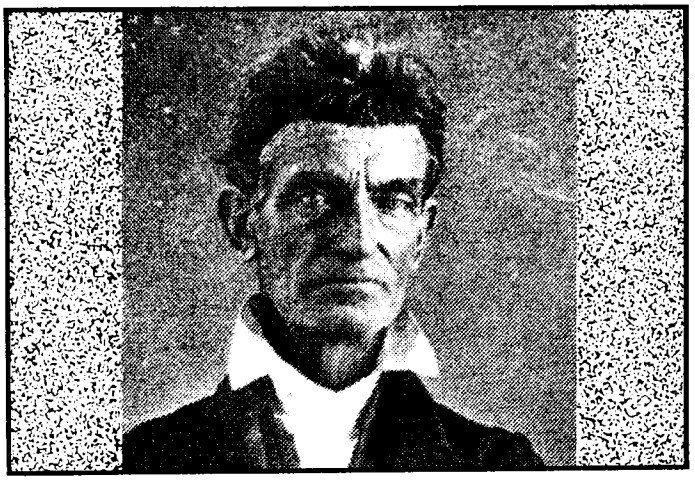
> *I left this sacred spot (Brown's Kansas camp) with a far higher respect for the Great Struggle than ever I had felt before, and with a renewed and increased faith in noble and disinterested champions of the Right ... I went away, thoughtful, and hopeful for the Cause; for I had seen, for the first time, the spirit of the Ironsides, armed and encamped. And I said so, and thought, that I had seen the predestined leader of the Second and the holier American Revolution.*

Strong stuff, that. Especially when written about a fellow who had just organized one of the modern era's first politically-inspired mass murders on behalf of "principles." And, incredibly enough, Northern readers beheld the Cromwellian/Puritan hero and gave forth with praise. As we shall soon see, in every important respect, Brown's Virginia martyrdom was pre-figured on the bloody banks of that Kansas creek.

And that brings us to one of the more fascinating aspects of John Brown's bloody career. While raising funds and recruiting followers for the Virginia raid, Brown paused long enough to take his band to Chatham, Canada, and there enact "The Provisional Constitution and Ordinance for the People of the United States." (If that sounds uncomfortably like, for example, a variation on the "Port Huron Statement" of the modern-day Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), then you are beginning to get the drift.)

The Provisional Constitution provides interesting reading that has been, for the most part, left relatively untouched by most of Brown's biographers. That virtual silence is understandable, however, in the context of what Brown actually said and thought and the desire of most of those sympathetic biographers to paint a picture of Brown as martyr. The Provisional Constitution provides evidence of a capacity for calculated concealment of motive that runs directly counter to the Brown mythology handed down by those admiring biographers.

First, the document was almost entirely the product of Brown's mind and despite its opening disclaimer of any revolutionary intent with regard to the existing Union, specifically includes all of "the People of the United States" within its purview. The document also adopts the flag of the first American Revolution and describes the nation's entire history as "the most barbarous, unprovoked and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens upon another portion...in utter disregard of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence."



... his sons led their victims out in the night and hacked them to death. Curiously John Brown did not join the sons in the actual killings, preferring instead to watch grisly proceedings in a transfixed silence.

Clearly, Brown has in mind something rather more radical in scope than a mere slave rebellion in the South. The Union created by the Constitution of 1787 has failed entirely in delivering the eternal promise of the Declaration's principles and has, instead, perpetuated a sectional Hobbesian war among the people. In this context, Brown's repeated preference for comparisons of himself to Moses, Cromwell and Napoleon takes on a new appearance.

Second, the role Brown created for himself as commander in chief of the revolutionary government to be established under the Provisional Constitution has the look of an American Protectorate. Congressional, judicial and executive offices are established, but it is clear that Brown himself would be "consulted" first and last with regard to every decision. He would be, in short, a dictator functioning behind a meaningless republican facade.

Finally, the disposition of all public property under the revolutionary government was to be "held as the property of the whole, equally without distinction; and may be used for the common benefit." Interestingly, though, the commander in chief is allowed a ready access to that property. Distribution of the public property would be "equal ... for all persons" active in the "civil or military service" on behalf of "liberty and equality."

While there is little evidence that Brown had access in his youth to any but the most rudimentary educational materials, there is little doubt that in his adult years he was widely read in the abolitionist journals of the day, conversed often and actively with the movement's leaders and devoted much time and thought to the question of the "just society" from the perspective of that movement and his own religious faith. Throw in a life-long inability to succeed in the free market and you just may have the constituent elements of a crude proletarian seeking a new, more just *and* profitable order through the force of arms.

For Democratic journals, North and South, Brown was simply a fanatic or a lunatic.

Which brings us to Harpers Ferry and the Northern response to Brown's miserable failure to incite a slave rebellion in the sleepy little hamlet at the conjunction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. The particulars of the raid are few. Seventeen lives were lost, including three townspeople, two slaves, a slaveholder, one federal trooper under the command of then-Colonel Robert E. Lee and two of Brown's sons. Five of the raiders were captured along with Brown, while seven somehow managed to evade capture and escape to the North. By any sane evaluation, the raid was doomed from the outset and, militarily, met a predictably disastrous end.

The Harpers Ferry raid took place on October 16, 1859. Brown was hung on December 6, some seven weeks later. During the interim period, it is important to remember that Brown conducted a superb "media campaign" through published letters to Northern supporters, statements in court and interviews with reporters representing virtually every newspaper in the nation.

Brown succinctly stated the point of that campaign when he noted: "I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose." He was not alone on that view. Henry David Thoreau, the Walden sage, trembled at the possibility of any other fate but the gallows for Brown, stating "I almost fear to hear of his deliverance, doubting if a prolonged life, if any life, can do as much good as his death."

Elsewhere, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, an accomplished New England minister and the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, joined Thoreau in crying: "Let no man pray that Brown be spared. Let Virginia make him a martyr."

Wendell Phillips, another renowned New England minister, proclaimed: "You cannot expect to put a real Puritan Presbyterian, as John Brown is--a regular Cromwellian dug up from two centuries--in the midst of our New England civilization, that dares not say that its soul is its own, nor proclaim that it is wrong to sell a man at auction, and not have him show himself as he is."

Phillips was exceeded in this rhetorical orgy only by Ralph Waldo Emerson, perhaps the most famous New Englander of his generation, who, in a lecture reported nationwide, extolled "Brown, that new Saint, than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of men into conflict and death--that new Saint awaiting his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the Cross."

Whew! Yes, these characters, intellectual and spiritual leaders of the North, actually said those things, and much, much more, throughout Brown's last weeks. And among their peers not a single voice was heard anywhere among the North's most famous writers, preachers and poets uttering lesser praise of the Pottawottomie Cromwell.

Intellectuals, though can perhaps be excused for rhetorical and editorial license. The question is whether or not their extreme views met with approval among Northern politicians and the citizens they, presumably, represented. With John Brown, the answer is an unequivocal "yes." Indeed, Brown accomplished in his last week one of the truly amazing transformations in American history; going from the Chicago Republican editor's "old idiot" description two days after the Virginia fiasco to "new Saint," about whom no praise was sufficient to describe his virtues. Garrison put the matter well when he notd that "whereas, ten years since, there were thousands of Northerners who could not endure my lightest rebuke of the South, they can now swallow John Brown whole, and his rifle in the bargain." And, let it be noted, his broadswords, pikes, murders and revolutionary fanaticism.

Brown's transformation took place in the Northern public mind primarily through the newspapers of the day. Newspapers in 1859 were almost all wholly partisan tools, thus reflecting for readers specific Republican or Democrat points of view. There was no talk of "objective news reporting." Reporters wrote the news according to the party line. For seven weeks, John Brown dominated the news in every major newspaper in the country.

For Democratic journals, North and South, Brown was simply a fanatic or a lunatic. A valiant attempt was made by many of these editors to place before the public the facts of John Brown's life and, especially, of his career in Kansas. It was to no avail.

For Republican journals, Brown's transformation progressed through three identifiable stages in the GOP journals. The initial stage of outrage was based upon initial inaccurate reports that Brown had led an army of three hundred abolitionists marauding across Virginia killing and raping. This stage of revulsion lasted little more than a week.

It is a tragedy which will supply themes for novelists and poets for centuries. Men will condemn his act and pity his fate forever.

When the facts of the fiasco were more clearly known and Brown had begun releasing stirring statements from his jail cell and courtroom, a second stage of reassessment and *justification* commenced, lasting approximately a month. Representative of this second stage are these words from *The Springfield* (Massachusetts) *Republican*, published in one of Brown's former hometowns: "We are sorry old Brown has met so sad a fate and sacrificed himself so uselessly, for he was a brave and worthy man and, when in his right mind, an excellent citizen." Barely a week later, the journal noted that "the leader of the Harpers Ferry emeute...it cannot be called an insurrection...is the hero of the hour and people are anxious to hear about his past."

The very next day, the journal described at length this scene from Brown's courtroom "...he lay chained and bloody, with fierce eyes around him and hearts thirsty for blood. His perfect coolness and self-possession, his evident truthfulness and transparent sincerity and the utter absence of fear in his manner command respect from all about him. The universal feeling is that John Brown is a hero ... he has a large infusion of the stern old Puritan in him."

As the journals changed course and began describing Brown's heroism, Northern politicians, too, changed their tunes. Salmon P. Chase, then a strong candidate for the GOP presidential nomination in 1860, declared: "How sadly misled by his own imaginations! Poor old man! How rash--how mad--how criminal to stir up insurrection, which, if successful, would deluge the land with blood and make void the fairest hopes of mankind!"

But...Chase could not ignore Brown's "unselfish desire to set free the oppressed--the bravery--the humanity towards his prisoners which defeated his purposes! It is a tragedy which will supply themes for novelists and poets for centuries. Men will condemn his act and pity his fate forever."

Lincoln believed Brown "praiseworthy insofar as he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong," yet the future President could not bring himself to praise the new hero as fulsomely as were so many of his colleagues in the Republican press and political circles. In the context of the "House Divided" speech and growing Northern adulation for Brown, it wasn't necessary.

The third and final stage of Brown's transformation became evident as Brown's execution approached. No other word but "adulation" suffices to describe this period. Brown's transformation was complete even before he swung from the Charlestown gallows. It is well to quote at length here an editorial from *The Chicago Tribune*, whose editor's description of Brown was previously noted:

> *John Brown dies today! As Republicans ... we cannot say he suffers unlawfully. The man's heroism which is as sublime as that of the martyr...has excited throughout all of the North strong feelings of sympathy on his behalf...The shock caused by his death will be more than a nine day wonder. The emotions excited and the reflections provoked by the tragedy will go to the very foundations of our political structure; and in all parts of the Union men will ask themselves how long this institution which compels men to put to death their fellows like Brown, who act upon the motives and for objectives that command the approbation of the world, shall be suffered to disgrace the age and the civilization in which we live.*
>
> *The question will reach hearts that have been callous heretofore; and ere many years it will bring the opposing forces now distracting the country--Right on the one side and Wrong on the other--Enlightenment and Barbarism--Christianity and Atheism--Freedom and Slavery--face to face for a final conflict. We have no apprehension of the result whenever it comes. The events of today bring it nearer than it has ever been before since the struggle began at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1775.*

PART III

One hundred and twenty-five years later, the year is 1984--our time. Consider these words from two speakers at the new "Coalition of Conscience" gathering on the Potomac:

> *We are here because we are committed to the elimination of Reaganism from the face of earth.* And: *We made great progress ... no we must meet our solemn responsibility to work and march and vote and struggle until the dream is fulfilled.*

That is the point. The struggle *never* ends because the promise embodied in the dream does not admit to concrete fulfillment, not in this world. And the descendents of John Brown continue to justify the use of force--even terrorism--in the name of their dreams for mankind. The struggle becomes the end-in-itself.

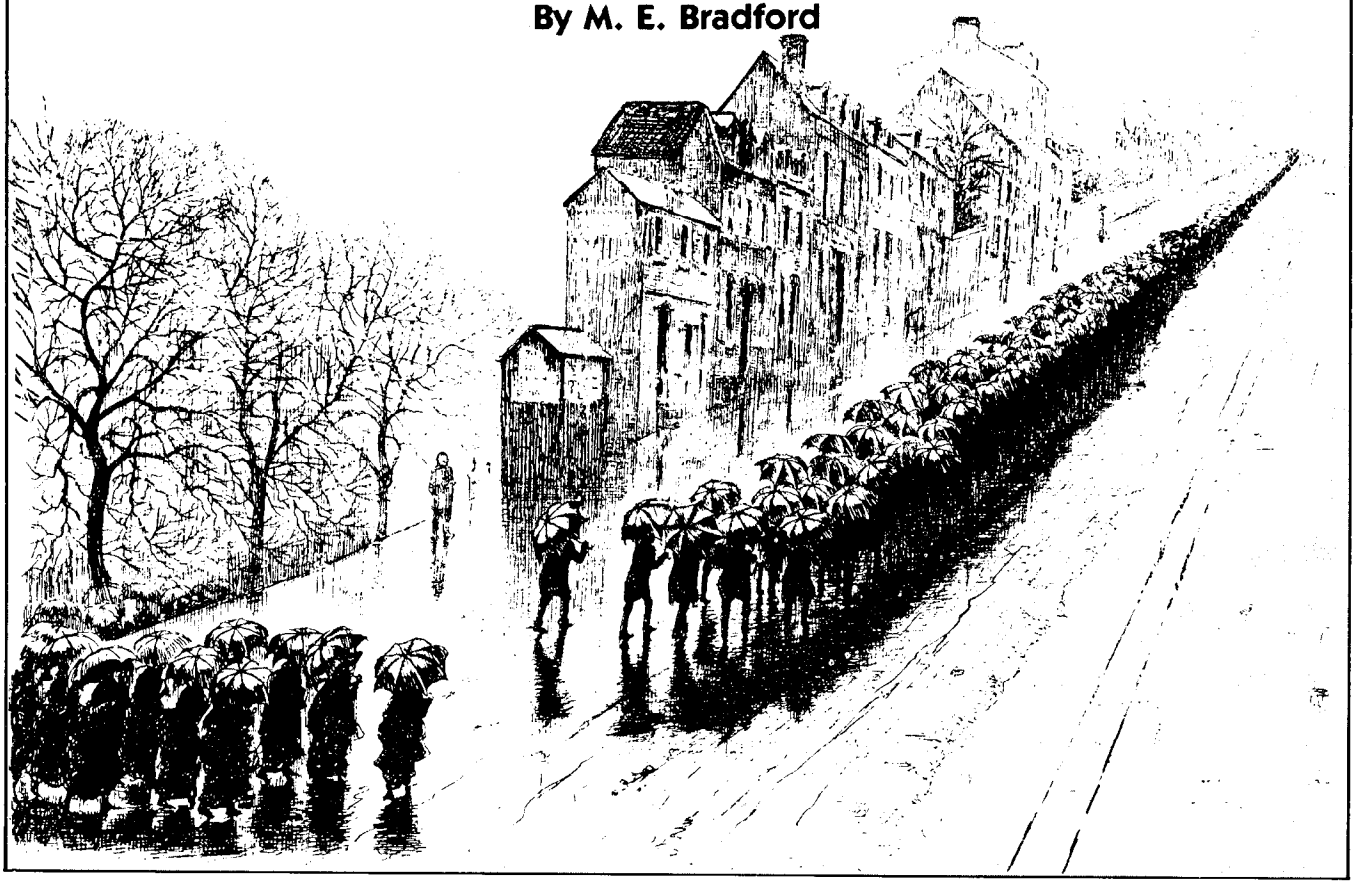
Thus, for today's heirs of the promise, there must always be struggle and there will always be a "New Deal," a "Fair Deal," a "Great Society" or whatever it happens to be that Walter Mondale's media experts coin to describe the next wave of gnostic millenarianism in American politics.

So brace yourselves, folks. The gallows broke his neck, not his legacy of blood. The Old Idiot lives. ⊠

Mark Tapscott is former editor of the* Conservative Digest. *He is a Texan who studied the bloody career of John Brown as the subject of his Ph.D. dissertation at The University of Dallas, where he was one of M.E. Bradford's disciples. Tapscott now lives in Washington, D.C.

The Window on the West

By M. E. Bradford



The metaphorical image of Romania which sticks firmly in my mind is that of crowds of people on the streets of Bucharest, hurrying in all directions, both during the workday and even more surprisingly after dark.

The purpose of all this activity is not, as we learned, to get to or from a place of employment. In many cases there is no obvious reason for Romanians to be out of doors, only a vague social impulse to mill about, in and with the throng.

In other instances, the end of the journey is a long line where quiet people in fur hats await the opportunity to purchase the necessities of life. Three-generation families are, I was told, fortunate in one respect — the grandparents can stand in queue while the younger adults hold onto their job and maneuver to add a few lei to their official salary.

The conditions are severe in Bucharest, and the "economic justice" of the regime is another name for general penury. The standing jest there is that Romania is a country where the people pretend to work, and the government pretends to pay them.

The prices of ordinary commodities are exorbitant. The government must retire a large debt owed to the international banks. Hence, a little private trading, the exchange of favors, and skill in the manipulation of influence are important to the survival of the ordinary citizen.

The official egalitarianism of this Marxist utopia has nothing to do with the realities of status in Romanian life. Within a ruling hierarchy that is still Byzantine in its essential characteristics, connection means a place: the difference between mere existence and a modicum of privilege.

According to one story, some Third-World countries send their young people to study in Bucharest, not to encourage their enthusiasm for socialism but rather to forestall it. I understand their strategy.

But apart from electronic surveillance, from all the guards and guns, the ubiquity of uniforms, and the dreariness of proletarian architecture, there is for members of the small American community in Romania (and for representatives of other Western societies) another side to their temporary exile, a sense of drama and purpose which comes from living out the role of witness to a proud and open way of life too often taken for granted by free peoples.

The American diplomatic mission to what the ancient Romans called Dacia (still there beneath the surface of the "People's Republic") is a very positive, upbeat group, with a genu-

ine sense of their own collective importance as a window on the West.

Under the able direction of Ambassador David B. Funderburk, an eminent North Carolina historian and one of the distinguished conservative scholars brought to government by the Reagan administration, the mission both represents and embodies the value of American citizenship.

Members' energy and morale are amazing and suggest none of that tentative, apologetic spirit which has been the bane of U.S. diplomacy in recent years.

The same can be said of that small number of business and commercial people, librarians, archaeologists, artists and teachers which completes the American contingent in this Communist state.

The fact that most Romanians unofficially receive our countrymen at their own evaluation of what it means to be an American has, of course, a lot to do with the origins of the situation which I have described — that, and the fading yellow charm of the almost French city of Bucharest, a setting which in several ways reminds me of New Orleans.

We took away from our brief visit to the Romanian capital a variety of vivid impressions: the delight of the Romanians in music and literature; the colorful peasant architecture of the countryside; the courtesy of many members of their cultural establishment, their good humor, their pleasure in receiving American guests and their interest in the genesis and history of our civilization.

The people congregate in bookstores and record shops, and we were surprised to learn of the great number of American writers published in the Romanian language.

On reflection, this cultural activity should not be unexpected in a country were, as one patient editor of a literary magazine explained, two out of three fancy themselves to be poets of promise. Nor is all of this artistic nationalism tendentious or propagandistic, for the Romanians live within themselves, where they cherish their art.

As hopeless as their situation may seem, they have a kind of cheerfulness. I liked them, especially since, as one of them indicated, they try so hard to forgive us for having turned them over to the Russians at Yalta in 1945.

Observing the results of Franklin D. Roosevelt's dereliction on that occasion should strengthen in any American the resolve that his country not repeat the same blunder.

For the barbarians stand ready to advance whenever our determination to resist them seems to be in doubt. What happens then can be seen in Bucharest. ⊠

Dr. M.E. Bradford is professor of English at University of Dallas. He was appointed by President Reagan to the Board of Foreign Scholarships, formerly the Fulbright Commission. ***This article appeared in the April 9, 1983 issue of the* Dallas Morning News *and is published here with their permission.***

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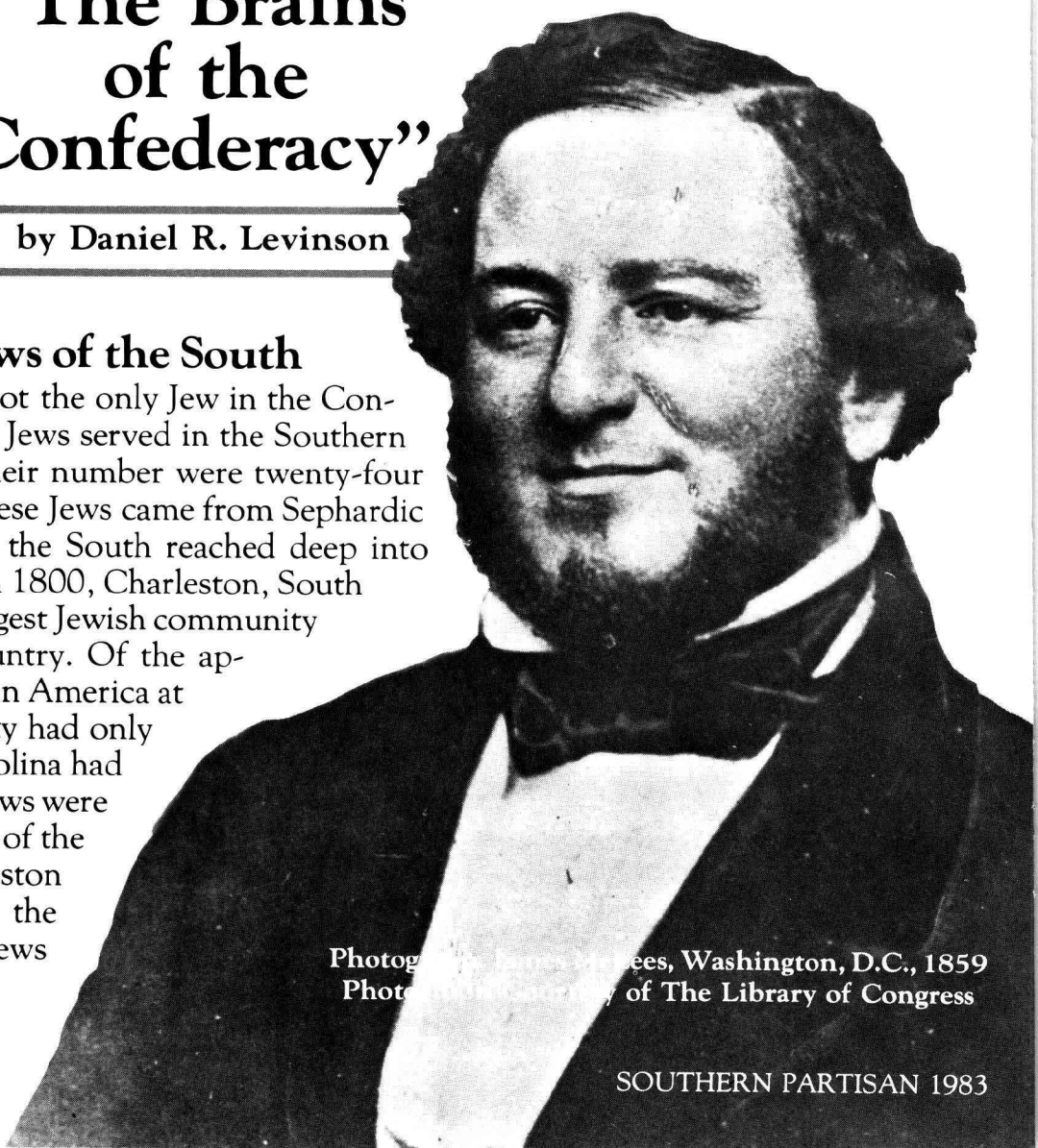
In the United States Senate ... *Judah P. Benjamin devoted his formidable gifts as a lawyer and orator in defense of the Constitutional rights of the Southland. But it was his brilliant service to President Jefferson Davis as a cabinet member in the Confederate Government that earned Benjamin the nickname, "The Brains of the Confederacy."*

The name Judah Benjamin evokes pride in Southern statesmanship and culture. There is also a sense of mystery about a Jew who rose to prominence in nineteenth-century America. It is also worth noting that President Davis selected Judah Benjamin for his cabinet about a half century before any U.S. President would name a Jew to the federal cabinet.

Judah P. Benjamin

"The Brains of the Confederacy"

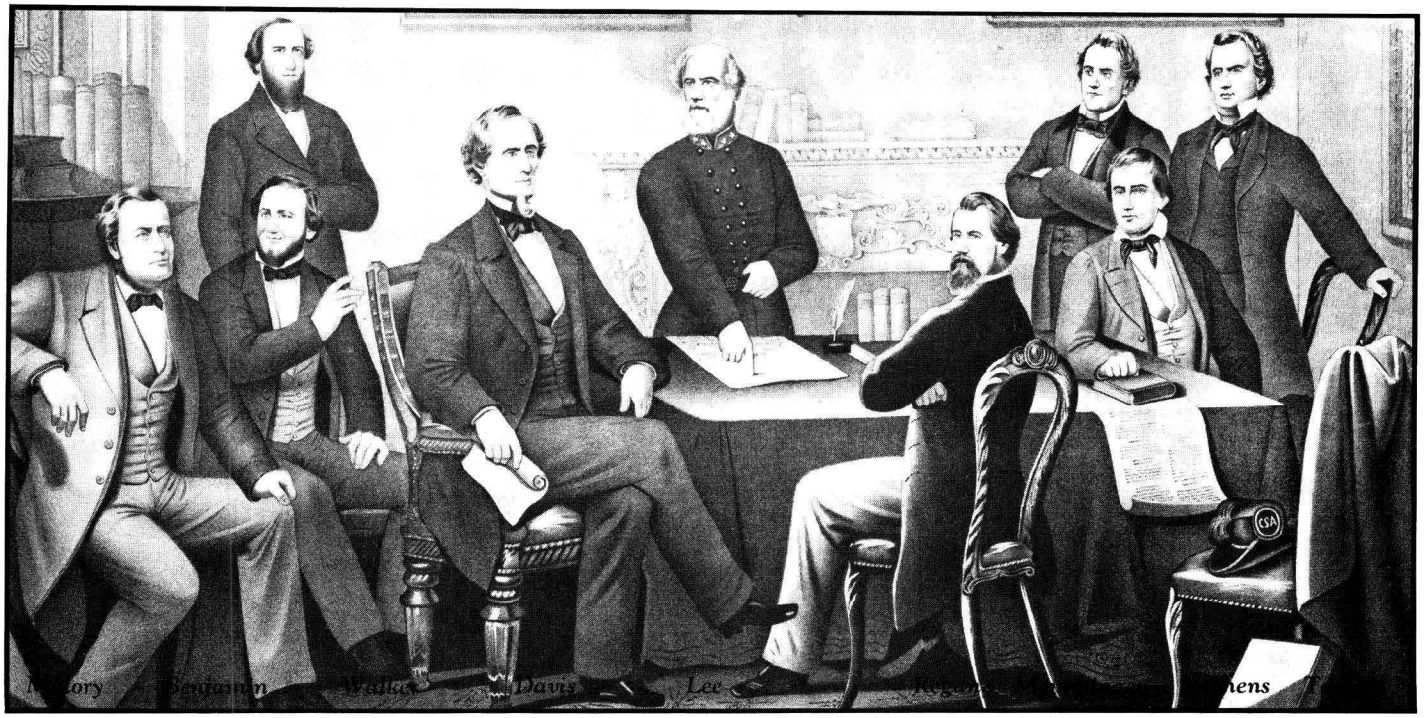
by Daniel R. Levinson



Photog[illegible]ees, Washington, D.C., 1859
Phot[illegible] of The Library of Congress

The Sephardic Jews of the South

Judah Benjamin was not the only Jew in the Confederacy. Over 1,200 Jews served in the Southern armies, and among their number were twenty-four staff officers. Most of these Jews came from Sephardic families whose roots in the South reached deep into colonial times. In fact, in 1800, Charleston, South Carolina, boasted the largest Jewish community (500 people) in the country. Of the approximately 2,500 Jews in America at that time, New York City had only 400, whereas South Carolina had over a thousand. These Jews were so much an integral part of the community that Charleston became the first city in the New World to grant Jews the right to vote.



"Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet with General Lee in the Council Chamber at Richmond"
Lithograph, Thos. Kelly, New York, 1866, Photograph Courtesy of The Library of Congress

This highly stylized picture of Confederate leaders was printed in New York during the first year of reconstruction for a sad but proud Southern population. The portraits bare little resemblance to the men; Davis, in fact, looks more like Lincoln than himself. The names printed in the margin identify the leadership: Malory, Benjamin, Walker, Davis, Lee, Regan, Memminger, Stephens, Toombs. In 1894, a second copyright for the print was granted to a Texas firm. This republication suggests enduring popularity for such an ennobling image of Confederate statesmanship.

Benjamin stands at the apex of a long list of notable Jewish Confederate officials. Senator David Levy Yulee of Florida served in the Confederate Congress. Dr. David Camden Leon served as the Surgeon General of the Confederacy, and his assistant was Dr. I. Baruch, the father of Bernard Baruch. The Quartermaster General and the Assistant Adjutant General of the Confederacy also were Jews. A South Carolina newspaper summarized the Jewish war record accordingly:

> *The list of South Carolina Jews who remained true to their country and to their country's cause in the darkest hours and who proved their fidelity and patriotism by laying down their lives upon the field of battle could be greatly extended. Their names are graven upon a monument throughout the land, and their prowess in arms is a part of the military glory of the country. As Montaigne says, the virtue and valor of a man consist in the heart and in the will, and by this rule the Hebrew soldiers of South Carolina may be fairly judged ... When the history of South Carolina's part in the great struggle is written ... the Hebrew soldiers of this State, who wore grey will have their full meed of praise.*

Surprisingly, Benjamin was not from one of the old, colonial Jewish families. Born in 1811 in the British West Indies of English-Jewish parents, he and his parents moved to North Carolina, and, while he was still a youngster, on to Charleston, South Carolina. He studied briefly at Yale College, and when his funds ran out, he returned home which, by then, was New Orleans. It was in Louisiana that he settled down to have a family and to make his mark on Southern history.

As a self-made man, Benjamin defined life on his own terms. Although he identified himself as a Jew, there is no evidence that he adhered to Judaism or that he immersed himself in Jewish causes. Indeed, he married a Catholic woman, had a daughter who was raised Catholic, and when he died in Paris in 1884, his wife had him buried in a Catholic grave with the blessing of the Church.

Benjamin as Lawyer and Politician

Any list of great American lawyers of the nineteenth century is incomplete without Judah P. Benjamin. Admitted to the bar in 1832 when he was 21 years old, Benjamin argued a case before the Louisiana Supreme Court and prepared a treatise on that court's decision, all within his first year as a lawyer. By 1842, he was a well established commercial lawyer when he argued on behalf of the insurer the cases which arose out of the mutiny of the slaves on the brig *Creole*. His winning brief to the Louisiana Supreme Court, which reversed a lower court judgment against his client, was reprinted in pamphlet form and the case catapulted Benjamin into the national limelight.

What, then, is the principle that underlies that whole compact for our common government ...? It is, sir, the equality of the free and independent states which that instrument links together in a common bond of union ...

Benjamin was subsequently selected by the United States Government to represent it before the California Land Commissioners. He received a fee of $50,000, the largest amount then ever paid to an American lawyer for a single case. Such was his reputation that he once travelled to Quito to argue a claim in the Courts of Ecuador.

As his legal reputation flourished (and his income soared), Benjamin's oratorical gifts inevitably drew him toward politics and public office. First elected to the Louisiana General Assembly in 1842, he proved himself an adept politician, not only there, but at the Louisiana Constitutional Conventions of 1844 and 1852. In this period, he assumed vastly different positions on many issues to reflect the changes in the electorate during the 1840's.

Benjamin's capacity to flip-flop on local issues exposed him to charges of opportunism. Although the charge is well supported on local matters, it certainly was not true when it came to taking a stand on Southern rights in the context of the Federal Constitution. As early as 1845 Benjamin was warning his colleagues that "we must rely upon ourselves and our Southern confederates to maintain our rights and cause them to be respected and not upon the stipulations in the Federal compact. We must insist on ample security for those rights."

It was upon his election to the United States Senate, however, that Benjamin truly distinguished himself as one of the great spokesmen for Southern rights. He argued cases before the U.S. Supreme Court, winning 13 out of 18, but refused an offer by President Pierce to nominate him for associate justice. Instead, Benjamin concentrated most of his oratorical fire on parrying the thrusts of abolitionists and articulating a carefully drawn enunciation of the doctrine of the right of secession. His speech on the Kansas Bill in May 1856, stands as one of the foremost expositions of Southern principles and denunciation of Republican agitation:

> *What, then, is the principle that underlies that whole compact for our common government ...? It is, sir, the equality of the free and independent states which that instrument links together in a common bond of union ... entire, absolute, complete, unqualified equality ... equality as sovereigns, equality in their rights, equality in their duties. This was the spirit that presided over the formation of the Constitution; this is the living spirit that breathes through every line of it; this is the object professed by it of forming 'a more perfect union'.*

Arguing that the North had framed the compromises of the past in bad faith, Benjamin declared that:

Judah P. Benjamin

Photograph, Matthew Brady, CA. 1860
Location Unknown
Photograph Courtesy of The National Archives

Brady's camera image of Benjamin perfectly illustrates the written description of Benjamin provided by a son of a Senate colleague in 1856.

In 1856, a son of one of Benjamin's Senate colleagues penned the following description:

> *Benjamin's personal appearance was not at all impressive ... short, fat, and 'pudgy' in figure, with few or none of the features which physiology or phrenology teach us to expect in individuals possessed of strong moral and intellectual characters; ... and then a half smile about his mouth, that sometimes seemed to degenerate into a simper, did not increase confidence. His manner, however, was most attractive, ... gentle, sympathetic, and absolutely unaffected, and this restored confidence; for he was endowed with a voice of singular musical timbre, high pitched, but articulate, resonant, sweet. He excelled in conversation, with an easy flow of diction, embellished by a singular mastery of languages at the base of which lay the Latin and its fibres of the French and Spanish. All this gave grace and breadth to his conversation, enriched by anecdote and playful humor and gentle philosophy. He certainly shone in social life as a refined, genial, and charming companion.*

"Traitors! Treason! Ay, sir,...just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington!"

> *The policy of seeking for some other compromises than those which are contained in the Constitution was a mistaken policy on the part of the South ... She has no longer any compromises to offer or to accept. She looks to those contained in the Constitution itself. By them she will live; to them she will adhere; and if those provisions which are contained in it shall be violated to her wrong, then she will calmly and resolutely withdraw from a compact all the obligations of which she is expected to fulfil, from all the benefits of which she is ignominiously excluded.*

His speech of 1856 also marked his departure from the moribund Whigs and the beginning of his efforts to work within the Democratic party for national policies more sympathetic to the South. Benjamin's greatest senatorial triumph occured in March 1858, when he presented what was considered a masterly reply to Senator Seward on the *Dred Scott* decision. And, when efforts at conciliation failed, Benjamin, it was said, "sailed out of Washington on a sea of oratory." On February 4, 1861, Benjamin departed Washington for his Louisiana with a moving declaration:

> *We are told that ... the South is in rebellion without cause, and that her citizens are traitors. Rebellion! The very word is a confession; an avowal of tyranny, outrage, and oppression ... When, sir, did millions of people, as a single man, rise in organized, deliberate, unimpassioned rebellion against justice, truth, and honor? ...*
>
> *Traitors! Treason! Ay, sir, the people of the South imitate and glory in just such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden; just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington!*

Benjamin as Confederate Statesman

Only three members of the Davis cabinet served throughout the war. Secretary of the Navy Stephen S. Mallory, Postmaster General John Regan, and Benjamin. Only Benjamin among them served with more than one portfolio.

Benjamin's initial assignment was the Attorney Generalship. He handled it admirably, establishing the Confederate Department of Justice and busying himself with the establishment of a judiciary. The nation, however, was at war, and a man with such extraordinary talents was needed to look after more urgent matters. Less than seven months after his initial appointment, Benjamin was asked by Davis to be his secretary of war.

Despite tireless efforts to organize the war department, he was not well-suited to the position. Personality clashes with Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson undercut Benjamin's leadership. He was specifically blamed for the defeat of Confederate troops at Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on February 8, 1862. The following month, a resolution was offered in the Confederate House of Representatives declaring that Benjamin "had not the confidence of the people of the Confederate States nor of the Army", and that his removal from office was a "high military necessity."

Davis wasted little time in extricating his beseiged war secretary from an uncomfortable situation. Shortly before his formal inauguration as President for a six-year term on February 22, 1862, Davis announced that the Confederate Senate had confirmed his cabinet appointments, including Benjamin as secretary of state. For the next three years, Benjamin would wage a battle on the diplomatic front to secure foreign intervention and recognition on behalf of the Confederacy.

Although Benjamin and the Confederate government's emissaries were able to do neither, the diplomatic efforts of the Confederacy enjoyed smaller but notable victories. The post-war decision of the *Alabama* claims in favor of the United States, for example, demonstrates the extent to which Great Britain was willing to conduct its naval affairs in a manner that plainly favored Southern interests.

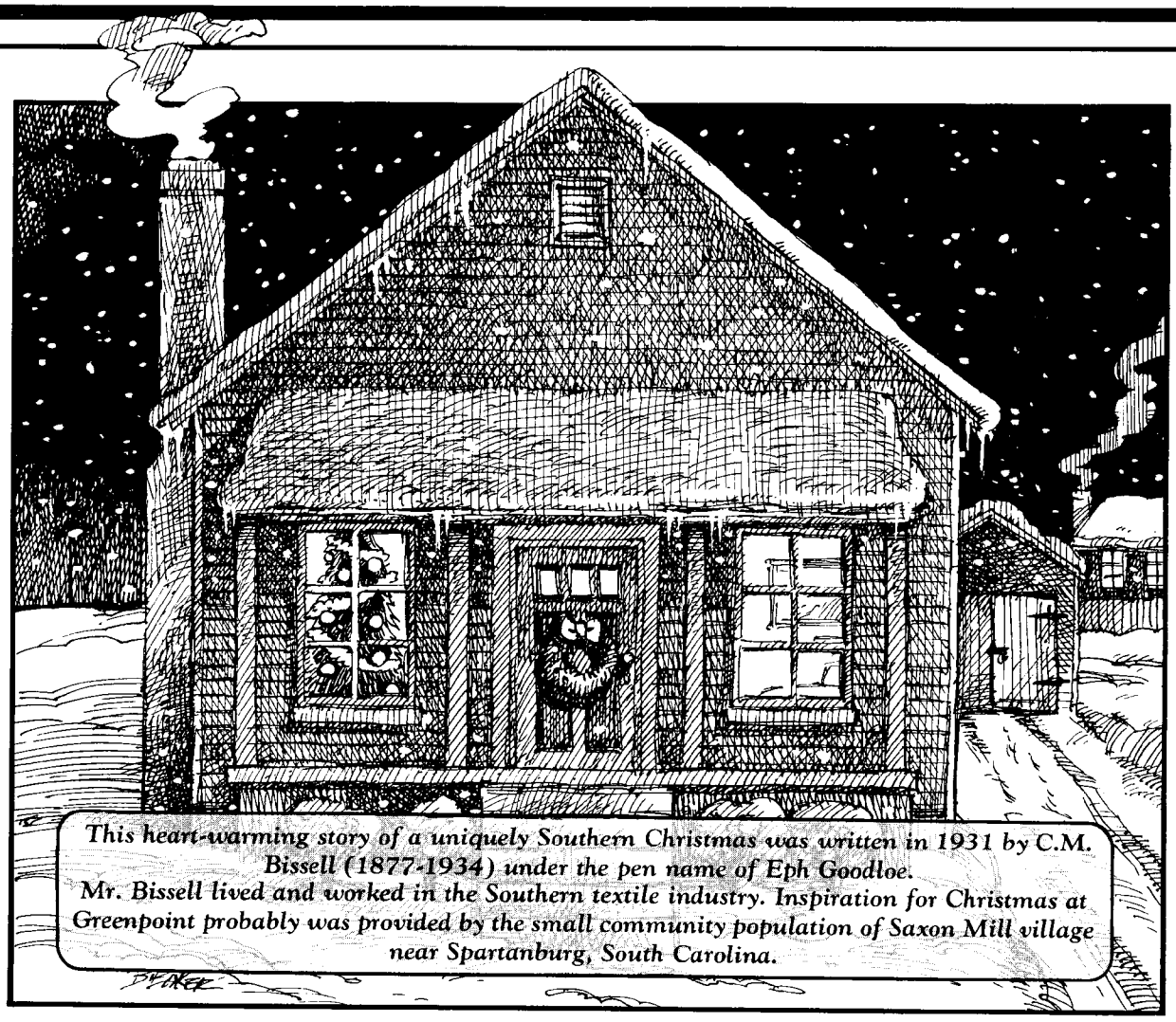
As secretary of state, Benjamin did more than oversee international affairs for the Confederacy; he also served as an intermediary between the central government and its members, the State governments. In light of President Davis' concern to govern strictly within the limits assigned in the Confederate Constitution, a pivotal diplomatic position evolved which demanded responsibility perfectly suited for a man of such extraordinary legal and forensic talents. Equally important, these many duties underscored the close personal confidence between Benjamin and Davis. Their relationship would remain a source of strength for both men in the closing days of the Confederacy, with the two remaining inseparable until well after the evacuation of Richmond.

Although Benjamin escaped to England after the War to live out his life in exile, he forever saw himself first and foremost as a Southerner and a champion of the Southern cause. His record both before and during the War stands as one of the great intellectual testaments to the States Rights doctrine. It remains a continuing inspiration to principled conservatives everywhere to serve whenever our rights are threatened, to be flexible to the vision of our fellow leaders, and to use all our personal strength and ties to protect what we hold dear. ⊠

Daniel Levinson is, in his own words, "An adopted Southerner, a lawyer, and a Jew."

Christmas at Greenpoint

by C. M. Bissell



This heart-warming story of a uniquely Southern Christmas was written in 1931 by C.M. Bissell (1877-1934) under the pen name of Eph Goodloe. Mr. Bissell lived and worked in the Southern textile industry. Inspiration for Christmas at Greenpoint probably was provided by the small community population of Saxon Mill village near Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Well, the old mill closed down on us Tuesday night at 6 P.M. for the rest of the week, so as to give us a holiday for Christmas, which came this year on December 25th inst. And so when I came out of the shop and started home it was sunset, and all back to the west was the prettiest I ever did see, with the sky all red and gold and sorter mingly like and the old Blue Ridge Mountains standing out blue and cold, and I knew that we were in for some sort of weather by Christmas.

That morning when I got up I told Mrs. Goodloe that we were going to have a change in the weather by the way my old joints hurt and popped and she said she hoped it would hold off till the children all got in for Christmas, and I said I did, too.

You see, all our children are grown up and gone now. Mary, our oldest girl, is teaching school way down in the lower part of the state, and she wrote us that her bough, or bow, whichever it is, was coming to bring her home in his auto. Then Ruth, our next girl, is married to a Methodist preacher, and they are preaching out in Alabama, and they have two of the cutest little grandchildren I ever saw, and we were sure looking for them, for we hadn't seen them since last Christmas on account of it being so far out to Alabama and on account of his being a Methodist preacher and not having any money.

Then the boys are in business and they all get home on Christmas Eve and we have a reunion and several other things about that time.

Well, when I got home Mrs. Goodloe was just taking out the last

You know, I never could understand why it is that at Christmas we all have to haul off and try to eat ourselves to death.

cake and as soon as I got washed up she called me to see them. She surely did have a fine mess of them, too. She had Chockerlate and Carimel and Jelly and Fruit, both white and black, and Lemon cake, and two just plain cakes. You know, I never could understand why it is that at Christmas we all have to haul off and try to eat ourselves to death. I bet most of the deaths that die along about January first of each year are on account of eating too much at Christmas. You take old stummucks that have not had anything all the year except plain feed and suddenly you lam them full of cake and pie and cranberries and turkey and dressing and mashed potatoes and candied potatoes and nuts and raisons and such like and it just simply scares the tar of of them an' they lay down and die on your hands.

So we sat down to supper and I saw that Mrs. G. had her hair all frizzed up and I knew that something was going to happen and so she said that she hoped I had not forgot that tonight was the night for us to go to the church and deccerate and practice the Christmas Anthuns and I said no, I had not forgot, but I had, and so as soon as I had shaved and changed my shurt and she had bathed the dishes and sorter primped up herself we lit out and there was a lot of other folks going, too, some to the Methodist and some to the Baptist Church, for we both have Christmas trees on Christmas Eve night. We used to have them on separate nights, but so many folks got to repeating on us till we have to have them the same night now and it nearly runs the Presbyterians crazy trying to decide which one to go to as they do not have any church here.

So when we got to the church they had the old stove red hot and it was kinder shimmying all over and the crowd was there at work, and old Bill Frisbee was there and he sure was having a time, dad-gum his old hide! I never did like old Bill. He's one of these here old flirts. About 6 months ago his poor old wife worked herself into a streak of paralysis or something and died and since then old Bill has been trying to set-up to every girl in Greenpoint and ain't got sence enough to see that they all are making fun of him, but thinks they are all crazy about him. And so there he was all swelled out and the girls all running up to him to ast his advice about things and so they had just about got all the wreaths and streamers made out of cedar and holly and popped corn and they were ready to fasten them up so they wanted one fixed right over the pulpit to the ceiling and they got the step ladder and ast for someone to go up and fasten it, and before any of the young men could say a word out hopped old Bill and grabbed the wreath and the hammer and filled his mouth full of tacks and started up the ladder, and just as he started to make the first stroke the old ladder bucked on him, just like I was hoping and praying it would, and down come Bill, wreath, hammer and all, and old Bill hit on top of the organ and broke off about 25 or 30 little doo-dads off the organ and about the same number off hisself and the old wreath fell down over his head and the hammer hit old Aunt Jane Peasley in the head and knocked her cold and the ladder hit the stove pipe and knocked it down and the fire was shooting up about 6 feet high and you never saw such a mess in your life.

Well, we got old Bill down off the organ, and then he disclosed the fact that he swallowed the tacks he had in his mouth and so we carried him out to the front steps and left him out there in the cool breeze trying to cough up tacks, and so we went on back and got things straightened out again and then Miss Electa Weeks, our organder and choir leader, said we had better run over the Christmas Anthun and so the choir got together.

There was Miss Iona Ford, Miss Amazing Grace Smith and Mrs. Bill Jones on the soprano; Old Miss Tibitha Ticklewood and Mrs. Goodloe on the alto; Jack Snelling and old Bill Friesbee (who had coughed up about half his tacks by now) on the tenner, and Bub Hanksby and me on the baste, and so we all got a piece of the music and sailed in on that Anthun. It was called Christmas Anthun No. 5. Well, all I've got to say about that Christmas Anthun No. 5 is that the fellow that wrote it up was, and still is, a nut. There wasn't a thing to it but a lot of hallerlujahs and amens. The soprano started off the hallerlujian, and after they had just about hallerlujahed themselves to death, the alto took it up and when they done the same thing quite a spell, the tenners go to hallerlujering like a man with hiccups and they were all of them going it and then the baste got to amening and amened all over the upper end of the school district, and then the thing stopped and it was one of the biggest messes I ever heard. I told old Bub Hanksby his baste sounded like old lady Dillings' old cow, and Bub got mad an' said mine sounded worsn hell, which I do not think he ort to have said in the church, and so Miss Electa said that Christmas Anthun No. 5 would require more time and that we would practice it all next year and get it ready for next Christmas, and so we all fell back on the old stand-bys, "O Little Town," "While Shepherds Watched," "There's a Song in the Air," etc., which are the sweetest and prettiest songs that ever has been written or sung or that ever will be, either, and so we all went home then, the women folks in front all talking about the new preacher and his wife and we old fellows along behind smoking and talking.

And so up at Smith's corner we all disbanded and old Bill said he believed he'd go by old Doc Tatum's

... I'd look at his pale little face and wish that he had more blood in his vanes then he did have ...

and see what old Doc could do about tacks he hadn't got up, and so we all went home just as the old mill clock struck 10 P.M., December 23, 1930.

Well, it didn't seem like we had hardly got in bed till Mrs. Goodloe had me up again to help her get things fixed up. First I had to go down in the cellar and bring up the old cot and take it up in the hallway upstairs for some of the boys to sleep on, and of course, going down the cellar steps I had to run into a lot of jelly an mama-laid and chow-chow that Mrs. G. had set out on the cellar steps and so I fell all over the place and got jelly and stuff all over me and broke 4 or 5 jars of the stuff and skinned one perfect good shin all the way up as far as it went, and if it hadn't been Christmas and the children all coming home I would have sailed in and cussed everything out and Mrs. G. would have got mad and said I done it on purpose, but as it was I limped back upstairs and Mrs. G. got a wrag and wiped most of the mess off, and the rest in, and then got the iodine and fixed up the old shin so as I could make out with it for awhile, and so we both laughed fit to kill about it all, which shows what a blessed thing Christmas is anyhow.

Well, after we got the house all set, Mrs. G. had me to kill two hens and a ruster and one ham and she put the hens and ruster on in the kitchen and took the ham out behind the garage and made a fire under the wash pot and put me out there to see that the ham didn't stick to the pot, and I hadn't been out there but a few minutes before along comes old Pat Murphey and his wife, Kate, all dolled up and going to the county seat to their church.

You see, Pat and Kate are Catholicks — the only ones we have in this village and though they have a mighty funny religion there ain't no better folks ever lived than old Pat and his wife, and nobody ever gets sick or in trouble here in Greenpoint that they ain't there to help all they can. Old Pat says he has to go to church once in ever so often to confess his meaness to the priest, which is why I am glad that I am not a Catherlick as the priest would have me locked up, sure, and I would be ashamed to let him or anybody else know all my meaness — I'm almost ashamed for the dear, good Lord to know it sometimes.

Well, then along comes George Waters, our next door neighbor. Well, I got to braggin to George about the fine little grandchildren coming that morning, and I seen old George's eyes fill up with tears and I seen right away that I had said the wrong thing. You see, George and Sue, his wife, never had but one child, little Paul. He surely was a fine little fellow, too, tho he never was right strong. They lived right next to us and the little fellow use to come over to our house nearly every day and he'd sit out on the steps with me in the evening and talk his baby talk to me and his big blue eyes would just glisten as he'd tell me of things that had happened and I'd look at his pale little face and wish that he had more blood in his vanes then he did have, and most every day I'd see him sitting there on his back porch watching for his daddy at noon, and so along about the middle of August little Paul got sick one day and by Sunday morning he was dead, and it sure did break me all up, too, for I had got used to the little fellow, but what it did to me was nothing to what it did to George and Sue. It like to have run them crazy. And so when I thought about it all I tried to change off on something else, but George just had to tell somebody and so he said that the thought of Christmas coming was about to ruin him and Sue. He said he got to tell somebody and so he said he got to thinking about last Christmas when little Paul was just 3 years old and how happy they all were and he would never forget how on Christmas morning the little fellow got up and saw that old Santa had come and left him a little red wagon and a boy doll and a book and how, as he stood there looking at it all, he just trembled all over like he was having a chill and how they dressed him in the little britches that Mrs. Goodloe had made for him out of one of my old ones, and how happy and proud they all were.

And then, George said, late that evening he took the little fellow out for a little walk and as they were coming back home and turned into the gate little Paul throwed his thin little arms around George's neck and kissed him and said I loves my daddy, and poor old George just busted and had to leave and I stood out there and shed enough tears into that pot to pickle that old ham for life, and I said to myself, well, it certainly does take a whole lot of joy, sorrow, happiness, misery, laughter and tears all mixed up together to make out a life.

So along about 3 P.M. in comes Mary and her bough. He was a fine, humble, meek looking little fellow and acted like he was scared to death. Every time I made a move he kinder drawed up like he was expecting a swift kick or some other form of assault and batter. We went out in the front room and then Mary and her Ma went up stairs to straighten things out and me and the bough was left to entertain each other and I done my best. I remarked in his hearing about 18 times that we certainly was having a plumb pretty spell of mighty nice, open weather at this time (tho it was looking right then like it was going to start snowing any minute), and he said 17 times that we certainly did have a mighty cozy little village and outside of those few, well chosen remarks, we didn't get anywhere, and I reckon we'd been going on that way till now if the bough hadn't got all excited and mixed up and hauled off and said my piece about the weather which left me nothing else to say.

... I stood out there and shed enough tears into that pot to pickle that old ham for life, and I said to myself, well, it certainly does take a whole lot of joy, sorrow, happiness, misery, laughter and tears all mixed up together to make out a life.

Well, just about dusk up drove Ruth and her folks in the old Ford and it was hitting on about 2 cyl. and the steam was just a boiling out and all of them covered with mud but mighty happy, and Ruth looked mighty nice in her new clothes and the grandchildren looked like little angels all dolled up in their sweaters and caps, but I noticed Ruth's husband didn't have any new clothes and his old hat looked like it had fought thru the Civil War, and I knew right straight that things had been sorter tight with them down in Alabama.

Well, it wasn't long till we were all sitting down to supper — and home again. And say, boy, that was the best Christmas present anybody could have bought me with a million dollars — with those boys and girls of mine and those blessed little old grandchildren and Mary's bough all sitting around that old dining table that they had been raised on and all well and hearty and happy. And how we did laugh and talk and told jokes to each other about things that happened years ago, and Mary's bough got to where he could swallow soft food without choking up, for which I was mighty thankful.

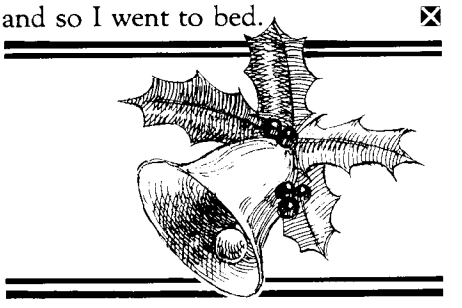
And so after supper and after we had got things done up we all lit out to the church, and when we got there everything was about ready to begin and the church was full and it surely did look nice with all the wreaths and fixings and the Christmas tree all decerrated up with electric doo-dads, and so we all sang the Anthuns and the preacher made a mighty nice talk about the first Christmas Anthun that the angels sung two thousands years ago, and he said that if we would only keep our hearts right and our ears cleaned out we could still hear that Anthun of peace and goodwill ringing through the earth and just about the time he finished in comes Bubber Hill, old Aunt Hill's half-wit son, just a bawling because some of the bad boys out in front of the church had told him old Santa Claus wasn't coming this Christmas on account of having the jake paralysis, or something, and we had to call off the extrasizes till we got him pacified and then we give out the presents and most everybody got one or more. Old Bob Jones got the same mustache cup he got for the last 20 years. That old cup has certainly held out well. The preacher got 4 testaments, 16 handkerchiefs, 2 ties, a bottle of beet pickle, and a peck of dried peaches. I got 2 ties, a pair of socks, 1 testament and something done up in a paper, and so after all the presents was give out we all stood and sang, "It Came Upon a Midnight."

And so we went home and when we got out of the church it was snowing a little and so we all went home and I opened the bundle I got off the tree and it was a pair of knit bedroom slippers that poor old blind Aunt Sallie Peasley had knitted for me with her own hands. Say, that sure did make me feel mighty humble and the Lord knows I did appreciate them, but there never has been a foot created that would fit them slippers or them slippers fit, either. They were knitted and sewed onto a paseboard soul and the heel part run out behind just about as far as the foot part run out in front and the main entrance was right in the center and all you had to anchor them to your leg with was a puckering string, and so while I would not have been found dead in the woods with them on, yet I surely did appreciate old Aunt Sallie making them for me.

Well, after so long a time we got the grandchildren off to bed and then the rest of the folks kinder gave out of anything else to say and they went to bed and left just me and the two little stockings hanging on the mantel piece in the room, and so I put on my old hat and went out in the yard to look around like I always do, and it was snowing to beat the band, and I stood out beside the garage and watched her come down, and I thought how well the good Lord had treated me the past year, and I was thankful for it, too. I was thankful that we were all at home together again, well and hearty and broke.

Well, I knew I was getting older and 1930 had been a hard year on me, with money scarce and my joints getting sorter stiff and hurting lots and the old mill curtailing all over herself and me, too, but still there was lots to be happy over as I thought of them 11 cakes, 2 hens, 1 ruster and 1 ham all ready to be eaten up tomorrow, to say nothing of the cranberry sauce and the dressing and gravy.

And so I went back to the house and stood on the back steps just a moment and I saw poor old George and Sue come out on their back porch and they stood together and George had his arm around Sue's waist and they was both standing there looking through the driving snow out toward old Bide-A-While cemetary where, under a whitening mound, their Christmas lay asleep. And so I took off my old hat and I ast God to please kinder soften the thing down for George and Sue, and then I wound it up with the prayer of Tiny Little Tim: God Bless Us Everyone, and then the old mill bell struck the hour and it was 12 o'clock, December 25th, 1930,and it was snowing, and so I went to bed. ⊠



A Second Look at Jim Bakker

by Tom Landess

At first glance... they look like a couple of aging Barbie dolls as they enter your screen—smiling, holding hands, greeting the thousands of people seated in their new TV studio. Who is it they remind you of? Steve and Edie, perhaps, guest-hosting the Mike Douglas show, glad to get the work these days. The announcer, a large cherub called ...

Photograph provided by the PTL Club with the disclaimer that their stand is spiritual and moral and not in any way political or partisan.

"Uncle Henry" confirms what you've already suspected--that these are the Bakkers, Jim and Tammy Faye, about whom you've read such controversial accounts. The audience applauds wildly as the PTL ("Praise the Lord") Singers break into a peppy gospel song that sounds more like The Fifth Dimension than the Blackwood Brothers. It's an odd beginning.

Bakker, dark-haired and impeccably groomed, says a word of greeting, and then Tammy Faye joins the PTL Singers for her daily number; and if you're not prepared, you'll be surprised at how well she sings and how little she looks like an evangelist's wife, what with that turned-out look and the thousand or so carats on her fingers. (She isn't even *built* like an evangelist's wife!) You begin to see what has disturbed the Bakkers' critics, but your thoughts are interrupted by more wild applause. (It seems the audience likes Tammy Faye just a whole bunch.)

Still, you don't understand what all the controversy is about. Bakker begins to talk, and you find that he's not one of those tub-thumping, crazy-eyed, "everybody's-going-to-hell" preachers you see in the movies or hear for an instant on your car radio as you spin the dial. In fact, he sounds rather like the quiet, reasonable salesman who sold you your life insurance policy last year, the one you didn't want to buy. Can it be that this unassuming man has charmed millions of people and made enough money to afford a $500,000 condominium with gold-plated commodes? You close your eyes, stroke your chin like The Kingfish and tell yourself that perhaps you too could become a successful TV evangelist.

Then he says something that makes you jerk up in your chair, eyes alert. He asks you to call the 800 number on your screen and make a pledge to support his broadcast and the other activities his organization sponsors. How dare he suggest such a thing! Why he's asking for your hard-earned money, your life's blood, your soul!! Of course, you're not outraged so much for yourself as for all the widows and orphans he's fooling. *That's* what makes your blood boil! You grab the channel changer and press the button so hard that your thumb turns momentarily white.

If this account describes your initial reaction to Jim Bakker then I suggest you take a second look, not so much for the sake of your soul as in recognition of that emptiness you feel gnawing at your vitals when you begin to think that Americans have come too far down a wrong turn ever to find a way out of the wilderness. But before examining Bakker's simple alternative to such a black, communal despair, you first need to consider the charges against him, which are so widespread now and so fiercely voiced that they seem all but irresistable.

It's important to know that the source for most of this ugly chatter is *The Charlotte Observer*, perhaps the sorriest metropolitan newspaper in the South. For years I lived near Tryon (N.C.) and patronized a newsstand which sold

Why he's asking for your hard-earned money, your life's blood, your soul!! Of course, you're not outraged so much for yourself as for all the widows and orphans he's fooling. That's what makes your blood boil! You grab the channel changer and press the button so hard that your thumb turns momentarily white ...

a number of national and regional dailies, including *The Observer, The Atlanta Constitution, The State* (Columbia, S.C.), and *The New York Times*; and I was always struck by the discrepancy between what *The Observer* staff thought was the most important story of the day and what the others chose to feature. The Charlotte headlines were always quirky, shouting, and gesticulating like alternate delegates at a political convention, desperately trying to prove their own importance; and the editorials struck fashionable political poses at the drop of a hat, attacking their region when it didn't need attacking, begging to be picked up by the *New York Times* wire service.

It's all right to be provincial (the finest things come from the provinces), but it's quite another thing to be parochial, the way *The Observer* has always been—that is, to be mean and narrow in your view of the world. Indeed there's nothing more parochial than repeatedly telling strangers how awful the home folks are: "You don't know my Aunt Maude, but she's the tackiest old thing you ever saw." (You can imagine *The Observer* staff, dressed like last year's *Esquire* or *Vogue* ads, quoting "Scotty" Reston to one another and dreaming at night of Katherine Graham the way some men dream of Bo Derek.)

As for the attack on Bakker, as best I can tell it boils down to the charge that he has a condominium which cost nearly half a million dollars and that the fixtures on his plumbing are gold-plated. Oh, there are shadings and curlecues to the whole story but basically *The Observer* has accused the Bakkers of being too prosperous. Ironic that such an accusation could be solemnly levelled in a world where the president of CBS News lives like King Farouk, where "anchor persons" are now being paid $2,500,000 a year, and where virtually every mason politician the press has idolized over the past 50 years could have bought and sold Jim Bakker with pocket change.

Apparently it's one thing for Roosevelts, Rockefellers, Kennedys, and newspeople to have goodies and quite another thing for clergymen to do the same, particularly conservative clergymen. (Have you ever read an article examining the finances of the Rev. William Sloan Coffin or the Berrigans or the Rev. Martin Luther King?) Of course it would be justifiable to jump Bakker if he had misused corporate funds, but since the IRS had piled in on PTL and come away empty-handed, we can assume that there's been no breach of the law. So Jim Bakker's final

accounting is with the Lord, isn't it? As for the rest of us, we have it on the Highest Authority that we're supposed to examine our own consciences in matters of stewardship and to withhold judgment on the conduct of others, an injunction which I suppose the press would regard as an infringement of its rights under the First Amendment. (God had better be careful what he commands these days!)

Besides, let's face it, if that condominium, located in Miami, actually costs between $400,000 and $500,000 as reported, then we're not really talking about anything lavish, not if I know anything about property values in my home state. Even at half a million dollars some of the Bakkers would probably be sleeping on roll-away beds between muslin sheets, and they might even be going to the john down the hall.

Yet all this condominium talk has hurt Bakker, particularly with those who know little or nothing about him. Not too long ago I dropped into a resort shop and struck up a conversation with a quiet friendly fellow who turned out to be a Presbyterian minister. When he told me he'd once had a church in Charlotte, I asked him what he thought about Jim Bakker.

"Condominium," he said, without a second's hesitation.

"Well, yes," I said, "But condominiums notwithstanding, what do you think?"

He shook his head emphatically. "Condominium," he said in a surprisingly hostile tone, "Condominium."

It wasn't until he'd left the shop, mumbling the same word over and over, that I realized what had bothered me about his repeated complaint. As he'd told me at the beginning of our conversation, he himself had come south to buy a condominium. So what was upsetting him was not, as he kept insisting, "condominium." Obviously he could make no argument against condominiums *per se*, being, as it were, in the market for one himself. I wondered (with characteristic uncharitableness) if actually he was bugged because he couldn't keep up with the Bakkers. After all, he was buying 1/50th of a unit on "time sharing," and they were going first class. I doubt it even occurred to him that he might be moved by envy, which has become such a political virtue in our time that we've almost forgotten it was one of the seven deadly sins.

But that's enough about the condominium and the gold-plated bathroom fixtures. What most of Jim Bakker's critics find intolerable is not that he once bought a vacation home. They just don't like what he's saying about American society; and more than that, they don't like the remarkable success he's had in saying it. When tens of thousands of people become "partners" in his ministry and send him money to fund his diverse activities, it means that they're deeply committed to the same principles Bakker believes in; and such a commitment spells deep trouble for the politicians whom *The Charlotte Observer* supports, people who have detailed plans for this country and don't like spoilers getting in their way.

Why have all these mediamen and bureaucrats descended on him like a swarm of killer fleas? Piqued by a curiosity born of this question I sat and watched him for six straight weeks. Oh, occasionally I caught a few hours of sleep or took time out to see how the children had grown ...

What precisely *is* Bakker saying, and why have all these mediamen and bureaucrats descended on him like a swarm of killer fleas? Piqued by a curiosity born of this question I sat and watched him for six straight weeks. Oh, occasionally I caught a few hours of sleep or took time out to see how the children had grown; but I scrutinized him as faithfully as any *Observer* staff writer or FCC factotum might have done, and in the end, with few reservations, I was singularly impressed by the man and his mission (and this despite the fact that as a high-church Episcopalian I couldn't possibly feel at home in his congregation).

For one thing--and I say this first only to get it out of the way--the Bakker ministry is not merely dedicated to the promotion of public conversions, a charge that's been directed (and quite legitimately) against other evangelists, whose energies are entirely spent on bringing people, stumbling and sobbing, up to the front of the church, only to leave them standing behind in a cloud of dust when the tent is struck and the circus rolls on to the next town.

To the contrary, Bakker spends much of his time ministering to those who are already committed Christians and aren't exactly sure what they're supposed to believe or how they're supposed to behave. Two or three days a week--when he's not addressing more controversial issues--he'll bring in guests to talk about missions or marital problems or the doctrine of Christian forgiveness. One day you'll hear a young man report on the heart-rending conditions that missionaries encounter in underdeveloped nations. The next morning a mother whose small daughter has been sexually assaulted and murdered will speak quietly of how God helped her to forgive the man who committed the crime. And two days later a young woman will tell of her miraculous cure from a degenerative disease and how it grew out of her willingness to surrender the bitterness she felt for a parent who brutally abused her when she was a child.

These scenes are genuine and moving in a way that transcends sectarian barriers because they exemplify what C.S. Lewis has called "mere Christianity," the essential elements of the faith that all orthodox Christians believe in and attempt to live by. There is, in such moments--and they are frequent on Bakker's broadcasts--a sense of sharing in a genuine vision of active Christian faith, something almost as rare in our time as the passenger pigeon, the last specimen of which died several decades ago in a St. Louis zoo. Indeed there is more *caritas* in one of these testi-

monials than you could find in several dozen Entitlement Programs.

And speaking of such things, Bakker's ministry also sponsors missions, schools, Christian psychiatric workshops, marital counseling programs, and is presently building a facility where single women can come to have their babies, and childless couples can find infants to adopt. All of this, I might add, is being done through funds willingly, indeed eagerly contributed by people who have now heard all about Bakker's condominiums and plumbing and who apparently don't give a hoot.

Once again, those activities are perfectly orthodox, indeed above reproach, as Bakker's critics probably would admit if you pinned them to the wall with a nine-foot javelin. But when he addresses himself to controversial issues with the same orthodox sensibility, then he's quite another matter; and herein lies the key to his importance, both to his enemies and to those who wish him well. For in his more "political" moments he's as plain-spoken as any man in public life, and he voices sentiments that are close to the hearts of those who still believe in a traditional religious view of man and society.

At present he seems to be primarily concerned with abortion, an issue that evangelicals have only recently embraced, as he himself admits, even as he speaks of it with an intensity lacking in all but the old-style, sword-swinging Roman Catholics. At times Bakker's programs on this subject are graphic, even painful. They include not only verbal descriptions of the latest "termination" methods, but also film clips that present the viewer with bleeding evidence that something more than the removal of formless protoplasm is taking place in abortion clinics. After watching one of Bakker's broadcasts on this subject no one would find it easy to dismiss the idea that what he was witnessing was murder.

I suspect that Bakker does indeed feel a personal commitment to abortion as a moral issue, but he is also sophisticated enough to realize that legal and socially-acceptable "termination of pregnancy" is the one necessary condition for the continued success of the sexual revolution, which has done more than anything in contemporary society to challenge a Christian understanding of the nature of man. Bakker's attitude in this regard stands in severe contrast to the public position taken by most other Christian leaders, who want to demand sacrifices from their flock where social and economic issues are concerned, and at the same time, temper traditional Biblical strictures on sexual conduct or else forget about them altogether. The result of this "double truth" is a growing selfishness and apostasy on the part of all Christians, a weakening of the body of Christ that threatens to empty the churches in a few decades; and for this reason (or so I would guess) Bakker has chosen to attack the problem where it is most in need of correction, despite the snarls of indignation that come from official quarters, both ecclesiastical and secular.

Make no mistake about it. These are The People ... Everybody's out there--whites and blacks, bosses and workers, men and women, teenagers and grannies, rich and poor. Never have you seen such a unified group of disperate conservatives gathered under one banner, waiting to be told where to march and whom to impeach.

What Bakker and others like him say about abortion is important; but even more significant, perhaps, is how often he says it: day after day, hour after hour, on program after program. In fact sometimes, when his organization buys time on commercial networks, you can hear him discuss the issue on two or three channels simultaneously. This heavy use of the airways, repeated over many months, is clearly beginning to make a difference in the way that Americans view abortion--a fact which explains the bitter talk of condominiums and commodes.

But he hits other issues as well, particularly those relating to the erosion of religious freedom in America; and what he tells his viewers about recent governmental activity may shock them even more than the abortion films.

Item--A federal court has upheld the actions of a kindergarten supervisor who forbade individual children to say grace over their food, as they'd been taught to do at home.
Item--The Supreme Court has forbidden a university Christian group to meet before school in an unoccupied classroom because such a practice would be "too dangerous."
Item--Several TV ministers have been removed from the airways by federal bureaucracies without due process.
Item--In cities around the country--including Charlotte, N.C., where Bakker is located--organized groups have attempted to use local zoning laws to prevent Bible study groups from meeting *in private homes.*
Item--While harassing Christian broadcasters nationwide, the FCC has refused to take action against the telephone company, which last year made $150,000,000 on a new service offered by several businesses: obscene phone calls, both recorded and live--a new way to "reach out and touch someone."

You can take the measure of Bakker's sophistication by the way he handles this last indignity. "We're not in favor of censorship," he says. "If people want garbage, let them eat garbage. All we ask is the same freedom to express our views." It's a telling point, all but unanswerable, except in the most superficial and circumlocutious rhetoric, the sort of language the Left is running on these days; and though few of Bakker's staff are scholars, they know in their bones that the Constitution of the United State was never intended to ban prayers from schoolrooms while allowing public obscenity to go unchecked.

All day long while people are crawling in and out of beds on "Search for Tomorow" and "General Hospital," Bakker keeps insisting there's a God who rules the universe and that all other accounts of reality are lies ...

And this is one of Jim Bakker's chief attractions: he tells simple and familiar truths to people who've heard so many sophisticated, modern lies that they're confused to the point of despair. Yet here they are in the PTL studio—smiling, applauding, full of life again; and when Bakker says, "Come on, people. Look what they're doing to us. Let's wake *up*," their lips tighten and turn down at the edges, the muscles in their jaws ripple, and they look like Norman Rockwell faces from the cover of a 1930's *Saturday Evening Post*.

Make no mistake about it. These are The People, the ones the Left has always claimed as its base of support, and not just your lower-middle-class whites, brushing back their well-oiled hair or clutching their vinyl purses. *Everybody's* out there—whites and blacks, bosses and workers, men and women, teenagers and grannies, rich and poor. Never have you seen such a unified group of disparate conservatives gathered under one banner, waiting to be told where to march and whom to impeach.

As a group these folks are as dangerous to the Establishment as Al Capp's Teetering Rock. Just one push by the right hand, and they'll come crashing down the mountainside, demolishing moonshine stills, outhouses, and country stores, actualizing in one wild plunge all that potential energy so long held in poise. The courts have gone too far. The President hasn't helped much. Somebody better do something--and fast!

Bakker knows how all these people feel. He feels the same way himself. But thus far he's refused to step across the not-so-fine line that separates preaching from meddling. Taking on the abortion issues is as close as he comes, but any fool knows that the ultimate question ("When does life begin?") is philosophical or theological rather than legal. As for the other controversial subjects, they all relate to religious freedom or traditional Christian morality. Not one of them is a purely pragmatic question, which is where the line has to be drawn.

Bakker steers clear of the politically mundane, I think, because he has a much subtler doctrine to peddle, one that he realizes can be lethal to the secular power arrayed against him. All day long while people are crawling in and out of beds on "Search for Tomorrow" and "General Hospital," Baker keeps insisting there's a God who rules the universe and that all other accounts of reality are lies, purely and simply. Human beings, he insists, are something more than biological or economic impulses. They are created in an image of a God who continues to love them, pagan as well as Christian, abortionists as well as never-to-be-born.

Oh the scandal of such a statement--the unspeakable, uncensored obscenity! Can't something be done to stop him from talking like that on national television? Isn't there a law? What if the children heard him?

Yes, that's the message they all hate, the subversive talk that's brought him under scrutiny by the United States government. You get the idea that if he says much more he'll be snatched up and torn apart by all 666 departments of the federal bureaucracy. I for one would hate to see that happen, for despite my certainty that God intended all worship to come from the Book of Common Prayer (1928 version) I think Jim Bakker is right when he says that we need to put aside divisive liturgical and theological questions for awhile--as important as they are--and turn our attention to the Dragon, who has slipped out of his cave and is oozing up and down a hundred Washington corridors these days, fussily dictating memos in such quantity that whole forests have to be decimated in order to supply the paper.

Something has to be done. We all know that. You just can't let the Dragon continue to stuff himself with other Christians, even if their theology is different from yours. Our great danger now is that we'll fight the Battle of Armageddon and lose. It's that we'll be too fat and prissy to take the field. The Dragon would much rather sneak up on us this way, while we're screeching and pulling each other's hair over a passage of scripture. Such an alliance of orthodox Christians should be able to put a million people in front of the Washington Monument this spring. Right now we all know we couldn't muster 100,000.

Jim Bakker--God Bless Him--may just change that. ⊠

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A Partisan Conversation

WITH LEWIS P. SIMPSON

By 6:00 A.M., Lewis Simpson has already been up for hours putting final comments on a manuscript sent to him by a former student, a colleague or a stranger -- the task accepted graciously from an honest love of literature ... and an inability to say no.

Scholar. Critic. Teacher. Southern gentleman. All these words describe Lewis Simpson, a Texas native who came to Louisiana State University in 1948. He is now LSU's Boyd Professor of English, and he is editor of the Southern Review.

After the publication of The Dispossessed Garden *in 1975, Louis P. Rubin, Jr. was prompted to name Simpson the "most imaginative and creative scholar ... in the field of Southern history and cultural history." Other works by Simpson include* The Man of Letters in New England and the South *(1973) and his most recent book* The Brazen Face of History *(1980).*

Essays and reviews by Lewis Simpson continue to appear in the most respected literary journals in the world. Here he speaks of Faulkner, Percy, Robert Penn Warren and the relationship between literature and history.

Lewis Simpson

PARTISAN: *In spite of the impression that people don't read anymore, there seems to be an increase in the number of short story collections being published by commercial publishers. I am wondering why they would pick up on this market.*

SIMPSON: It may be that short stories are making a comeback, to an extent at least. The old market for short stories was in the commercial magazines. There was a point when the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and a good many other big magazines that came out every week or every month, had large audiences for short fiction. They needed stories for every issue and would pay well for them. But with the coming of television the big magazines began to go. But there are still a good many people who read short stories. Publishers, it may be, are finding that they will buy good collections. Just possibly the academic literary quarterlies--which have been publishing the majority of short fiction for the past thirty years--have helped the short story form to survive and now it will see better days again. Commercial publishers have been interested only in novels, apparently accepting a short story collection occasionally merely to keep an author on the string for a novel. Is there a real change in the market for short fiction? I'm doubtful.

PARTISAN: *Louis Rubin has just announced the formation of the Algonquin Press. Do you believe his undertaking will succeed financially?*

SIMPSON: This venture -- which is, by the way, carefully organized and has a very capable staff -- has a Southern motive. Over and over Southerners have wanted to establish publishing firms in the South, and certainly they have done so in one way or another. But a Southern house bringing out a sound trade list has remained pretty much a dream. I hope the Algonquin Press can bring the dream to realization.

PARTISAN: *I understand that one of the Algonquin's first books is on stock-car racing?*

SIMPSON: This is a book by the novelist Sylvia Wilkinson, a racing enthusiast, who shares the Southern enthusiasm for the stock-car track. It is a good book and quite in line with Algonquin's announced policy of bringing out quality books. Algonquin, I understand, will be publishing as much serious fiction by Southern writers as possible.

PARTISAN: *You're associated with the LSU Press as well as with the* Southern Review. *I remember you once mentioned that LSU brought out the first book of poems by Joyce Carol Oates.*

SIMPSON: That's right, not only the first but, I believe, three subsequent volumes of poetry by her. I recall meeting Joyce Oates in Chicago some years ago when she was beginning to be known as a novelist and remarking to her that I had seen a poem by her in a little magazine. She seemed pleased and I asked if she occasionally wrote poems as well as fiction. She said she did. So I suggested that perhaps someday when she had enough poems on hand for a collection that she send them to the LSU Press, which had begun a poetry series. At that time I was helping out with the series. The manuscript virtually beat me back to Baton Rouge.

It seems that Joyce was writing poems about as steadily as she was turning out short stories and novels.

***PARTISAN:** How do you react to the idea that the publisher is the one who really makes or breaks a writer?*

SIMPSON: There's a great deal of truth in that. The big publisher can choose to advertise a book or not. If he spends enough on a book, he may make it a best-seller. If he skimps on advertising, a given book may be overlooked—ignored all together, even if it is a masterpiece. So, in a sense, the publisher controls the fate of a book. But if a writer can publish with the small presses, making a living by teaching or whatever, he can gain relative independence. When the writer is dependent on a publisher for his living, he is often boxed in and has to do what his publisher wants.

***PARTISAN:** How about a close association with a campus? Does that inhibit a writer? Robert Penn Warren's career has been closely associated with the campus ...*

SIMPSON: Yes. Warren came to LSU as a regular teacher. He combined teaching with working on what became his first novel, writing short stories and poetry, and editing *The Southern Review*. When he went to Yale (after a period at Minnesota), he went on a restricted teaching schedule. After he began to make his living as a writer, with the success of *All the King's Men*, Warren could have completely divorced himself from the university, but he preferred not to. He has always felt an attachment to it. Warren was never really involved in a creative writing program. Writers around universities today, as they are here at LSU, are engaged in the time-consuming job of teaching creative writing courses. They may also have to teach Freshman English and whatnot.

***PARTISAN:** Did Faulkner make enough to live on from his novels?*

SIMPSON: No. He had to make a living as a movie writer and lived in Hollywood off-and-on for many years. I don't think he made a living as a novelist until he won the Nobel prize. Somehow he worked as a Hollywood writer for many years and kept being a novelist.

***PARTISAN:** There are Southern writers today who are connected with Hollywood moviemaking or television. William Corrington, for example ...*

SIMPSON: Yes, Bill Corrington has had a fairly long connection with both Hollywood and TV, even soap operas. Well, it's quite all right to do that, but I'm sure in some cases the writer, unless he has a very strong resolution to keep on with his serious work, is likely to neglect it for the more popular and frivolous kind of writing—that can make him more money. I don't think it is necessarily a matter of the writer "selling his soul" to Hollywood or television companies. After all, you have to exist. What the writer may lose when he begins to write too much for movies, (of course writing for movies can be serious, except most movies aren't made seriously) is the leisure time or the free time to think and devote himself to his craft. If the writer is trying to do all kinds of other writing at the same time he is involved in the difficult task of writing a novel, it is obviously going to interfere with his novel. I think Faulkner's secret, if he *had* a secret, was simply he never did get too much tangled up in the Hollywood game or lifestyle.

***PARTISAN:** He would come back to Mississippi every six months or so?*

SIMPSON: Yes, he would come back and never did really become a typical Hollywood writer at all. He remained as far away from Hollywood as he could—he was detached from it.

***PARTISAN:** American writers in the twenties seemed to have been conscious of a displacement of the myth of the American as an innocent. Several of your own essays deal with the loss of the myth of innocence.*

SIMPSON: This myth, expressing our relationship to Europe, does appear to have been quite influential in our literature. Henry James exploited it with great skill, writing stories like *Daisy Miller* and *The American* and later on the more complicated stories, *The Ambassadors* and *The Wings of the Dove*. In these novels the American as an innocent is played off against the experienced European in a subtle but powerfully dramatic way. James was always sympathetic yet ironic in developing his American characters. You have a great deal of pathos in the situations he creates, even a tragic sense. After the First World War, when writers such as Hemingway began to emerge, writing about the experience of war, the pathos of the American in Europe reached a culmination in a bitter revelation. The American goes to the old world to fight a war to make the world safe for democracy and discovers that he is fighting to preserve the myth of his innocence. The myth collapses.

Among Southern writers, though, you don't find this kind of disillusionment played on much. It may be that because of the experience of the South in the Civil War the Southern literary imagination didn't respond to the myth of the American as an Adam the way writers in other parts of the country did. John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson both were in the First World War and didn't trade in the myth of innocence. Faulkner did to some extent in some early poems and in *Soldiers' Pay*, his first novel. But the myth did not become pervasive in his work as in Hemingway's.

***PARTISAN:** But why would Southern writers not reflect the sense that America symbolized redemptive innocence?*

SIMPSON: On the whole, I believe the serious Southern writer of the twenties knew that he belonged to a community that had been defeated in disastrous civil conflict, and that this conflict had given the lie to the myth of American innocence, or to the innocence of human nature, whatever form this concept might take in myth.

PARTISAN: ***So the Southern writer viewed America with a somewhat skeptical eye?***

SIMPSON: I think all the greater American writers have written with a sense of irony and skepticism about the eighteenth-century concept of human nature as basically good. This concept did not suddenly come out of nowhere in the age of Enlightenment, but it became strong in that age when the world of hierarchy and degree and coherent social structure finally broke down completely.

The concept of natural goodness places the individual under a terrible strain if it is taken seriously: it makes him responsible for being good without allowing him to believe that he is at least partly bad by innate disposition. It deprives him of the guiding sense of evil in his understanding of himself and his understanding of others. It leads the finite human being to believe that he can perfect both himself and history.

In America, the concept of natural goodness encouraged the secularization of the Puritan version of the millenium, in which America becomes the fulfillment of the millenium. There is a terrible innocence in such an idea, and the stronger American writers had to treat it ironically. That is, as students of human nature, which is what good novelists and poets are, they had to deal with this sort of innocence in the ironic vein. Even Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, who are often thought of as subscribing to the doctrine of natural goodness, have a vein of irony in them.

The Southern writer in the last century, living in a society that was perpetuating the institution of slavery in the midst of a nation that had the illusion it would see the perfection of human nature, should have been as great an ironist as Hawthorne or Melville. But he wasn't He was too closed in by the social conformity necessary to the defense of slavery.

After the War for Southern Independence, Southern writers were influenced--inhibited--a good deal by the doctrine of the Lost Cause. It was not until after the First World War that a writer like Faulkner comes along, a writer able to view the history of the South ironically, able to experience the irony of living in a part of America that had seen the inside of defeat--the irony of living in a part of America that had decided to set up on its own and had lost out, when the rest of the nation had never lost out. From the inside of defeat it is hard not to see the aspect of evil in human nature. I guess I should say the principle of evil in human nature, and more than that, the principle of evil fulfilling itself in individual, flesh-and-blood persons. In the South then you come to Faulkner and his complex sense of history —— history embodied in the individual lives of the people of Yoknapatawpha.

PARTISAN: ***Did Faulkner put himself in his stories? Was he in some way writing an autobiography?***

SIMPSON: Faulkner once said in a letter to Malcolm Cowley that he tended to think of writing stories as the creation of biographies of his characters. In the Compson genealogy--I mean the actual genealogy he made out in the 1940's--each character does have a biography. But how much the biography of any one character in Faulkner may be mingled with autobiography? It's hard to say. You can be sure, however, that Faulkner didn't, like Hemingway, create a series of characters who are simply the author. His feeling for the nature of history was too complicated for that.

PARTISAN: ***Hemingway lived his experience, and then wrote it out.***

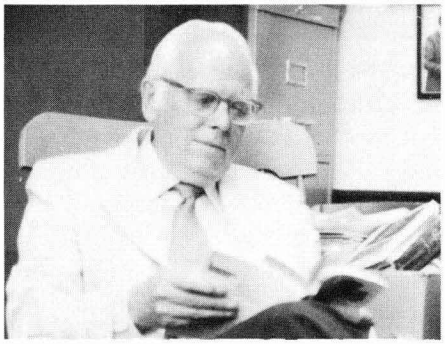
SIMPSON: And it's frequently said that he got so mixed up that he didn't know what was reality; so he was living out his own legend. But, I don't think in Faulkner's case that he ever lost his sense of detachment. He looked at history as a way of experiencing life but always with a sense of the number of other people involved, not just the "me" idea.

PARTISAN: ***Your most recent essays refer to the control of time in literature. What about Faulkner's sense of "is" and "was"?***

SIMPSON: If you read Faulkner's work in his early career, you'll find that he's interested in the Symbolist Poets. He read a great deal of mythology; in fact, he was obsessed with ancient Greek myth. He acquired an education that was certainly more extensive than many writers around him had. He began to write in a world in which T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* —that composite picture of "botched" civilization--was a symbol. That fragmentary sense of civilization in Eliot can be found in Faulkner as well, both being indebted to James Joyce. Faulkner's sense of history didn't come just from being a Southerner. He was aware of history in a way that had come to affect a great many writers once the implication of the First World War began to sink in. The war to end war seemed to be an apocalypse, an end to Western civilization. Faulkner at some point in the 1920's began to understand this sense of history in terms of the South, and particularly, of Mississippi. He then began to create in a concrete sort of way the drama of modern history as it revealed itself in what he called his "postage-stamp of a world." Once he began to do that, he began to unfold in his novels the history of Mississippi from 1820 down to his own present time.

PARTISAN: ***How is it possible for a state like Mississippi, with a high rate of illiteracy, to produce such a phenomenal number of productive writers: Faulkner, Welty, Hannah, W. A. Percy, Walker Percy, and Shelby Foote for a start?***

SIMPSON: Nobody seems to know the answer to that question. A few years ago some of us did a six-part educational television program about Mississippi writers called "Climate for Genius." Dan Young, Louis Rubin, and I, and several others (including Shelby Foote, who took part in two segments) sat around and discussed twentieth-century Mississippi writers. We did this on location, making films at Faulkner's home in



Oxford, in Greenville, and in Natchez.

I don't know that we ever arrived at any definitive reason why Mississippi has been a climate for literary genius. Mississippi has had more compact and dramatically cohesive history than most states--this is one reason we suggested. We speculated on other possibilities: the presence of a large black population in comparison to the white population may have something to do with the literacy climate of the state. Possibly, the fact that Mississippi has remained predominantly rural, whereas Alabama, say, a state much like Mississippi, had had industrial areas since right after The War Between The States, suggests a reason why Mississippi has been so productive of writers. Remaining rural--with no big cities at all, no Birmingham or Atlanta--it may be that Mississippi has held onto a sense of leisure that encourages literacy contemplation.

You can't explain the gift for writing, the talent for it, in an individual, but perhaps you can explain the circumstances that foster the talent. Thus in Greenville, Mississippi, a person like William Alexander Percy felt that he didn't have to spend all of his time being a planter or a professional man, that he had the leisure to give time to music and poetry. Feeling this he created a small space for writers in Mississippi. Greenville still is a literary space, a little literary center. So is Oxford, where you had Phil Stone, the lawyer who was Faulkner's friend and literary sponsor. Also, Ole Miss has had a great deal to do with making literary activity possible in Oxford. It is an old university town after all. Even though Faulkner rejected a university education—in fact rejected high school education--he was in a literary environment--one that had its roots in the classical curriculum and that fostered the spirit of leisure in the classical sense.

PARTISAN: ***You commented once that only someone coming from this leisure tradition could have written a parody like Walker Percy's*** **Lost in the Cosmos.**

SIMPSON: *Lost in the Cosmos* has a certain relationship to the American capacity to absorb any number of self-help books over the last two centuries. If you go back to Benjamin Franklin and his autobiography, which is a kind of self-help book, and come on down, you'll find that Americans have always been avid readers of self-improvement books. The democratic philosophy holds that self-improvement is all-important. How can you improve yourself?—financially and spiritually? The idea of spiritual perfection was strong in New England, part of the Puritan heritage. The Transcendentalists were writing self-help books of a sort.

In *Lost in the Cosmos,* Percy invents the device of the *last* self-help book. It's a satire, of course, but whether he's particularly conscious of doing so or not, he's writing a parody of the long vogue in America of self-help books. They are part of a world in which the individual has to do for himself what no one else will. Phil Donahue represents a world in need of an endless stream of self-help. It's a more complex world than we may imagine. Ultimately, it is a world seeking a renewal of religious vision. Percy knows this and that's why he can satirize Donahue's show so skillfully.

PARTISAN: ***You have referred to Walker Percy's character Lancelot as a survivor--a survivor of history.***

SIMPSON: I'm mainly taking off from a line in the novel, "What do survivors do?". All people in the modern world are survivors of history, whether we are conscious of it or not. And, if we are educated, we are conscious of history as the only way of understanding our existence.

Every individual in our society is constantly involved in history. People several hundred years ago could not possibly have conceived of our involvement. Probably, Lancelot of King Arthur's Round Table could not have conceived of being a survivor of history. But Percy's Lancelot does and sets out to do something about his condition. He will control history. In short, he is a fascist.

Lancelot is a real *horror* finally, and he becomes convinced that he's God ... he's going to take charge of it all. But Lancelot is not an immoral person. His horror is that he has become *amoral.* In Nietzsche's view of history, the moral sense of Western culture is disappearing and a new world, not an immoral but an amoral civilization, is coming into being. It's this kind of amorality you see in Lancelot and the movie people in the story. Amorality is worse than immorality—this theme seems to haunt Percy as it did T.S. Eliot.

What can be done about it? Percy is a very perceptive writer; and time may prove him to be a good prophet. His answer to what can be done may be hidden in the almost silent figure of the priest in *Lancelot.* Wait in faith and in love on God's fulfilling will and grace. ⊠

Lewis Simpson is interviewed by Jo Marie Gulledge, assistant editor of the **Southern Review.** ***She is currently editing a selection of the literary correspondence of William Alexander Percy, author of*** **Lanterns on the Levee** ***and adoptive uncle of Walker Percy.***

THE RESTORATION SERIES

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The War The South Won

by Henry Lumpkin

At the battle of Cowpens the American forces won another great victory and inflicted heavy losses on the British. The tide had turned.

The American Revolution lasted from 1775 until 1783, but there were no major field engagements in the Northern theater of operations after June of 1778. The important and decisive fighting which led to this country's independence took place in the South.

In 1778, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in chief for the war in the thirteen rebellious colonies, held New York in strength. George Washington with his army encamped around New York, was plagued by treason, mutiny, and lack of supplies; he also did not have sufficient military strength to drive Clinton from his main positions.

To illustrate some of Washington's more urgent problems, on 25 December, 1780, two regiments of the Connecticut Line stationed near Morristown, New Jersey, angered at the lack of food and no pay for five months, mutinied and assembled on the parade ground. A veteran Pennsylvania regiment summoned in the crisis forced them back to quarters. The ring leaders were arrested and the mutiny stopped. On 1 January, 1781, Pennsylvania Line regiments in camp at Morristown, New Jersey, rebelled under the leadership of army sergeants and marched toward Princeton. Cooler heads prevailed and order eventually was established. Worst of all, on 20 January, 1781, the New Jersey Line of three regiments stationed at Pompton, New Jersey also mutinied. George Washington no longer would tolerate such conduct and ordered General Robert Howe of South Carolina with veteran New England troops to put down the rebellion, which Howe did very thoroughly indeed. Twelve of the mutineers were selected as a firing squad and forced to execute two of their ring leaders. The mutiny collapsed.

In the American Revolution, father fought son, and brother fought brother. In seven years of war, loyalties were confused as long as the issue remained in doubt, but the South produced no Benedict Arnold, an American general officer, a regular soldier, who tried to betray a high trust to the British: the American fortress at West Point, New York. There also is no record of any Southern Continental regiment coming out in open mutiny.

There is, incidentally, an interesting Southern comparison to Arnold's treason. Brigadier General William Moultrie of South Carolina was captured by the British when Charleston fell in May, 1780. Charles Greville Montagu, a former royal governor of South Carolina wrote to his friend, Moultrie, a prisoner in British hands, offering him command of his own Loyalist regiment and the return of Moultrie's estates after the war if he would come over to the British. William Moultrie replied indignantly that he would not listen to such proposals—that if he were guilty of such baseness, he would hate himself and shun mankind.

Benedict Arnold in the North, not a prisoner of war, an active serving officer wearing the uniform of his country, chose the opposite course. It is a fascinating study of two men: Moultrie the great South Carolina gentleman and Arnold the traitor.

With the War in 1778 stalemated in the North, Canada strongly held and safe from American attack, the British high command decided to move major operations to the South with the hope that the resident Loyalists might rise in full support of a British invasion. This decision was based on reasonably sound intelligence -- pro-British feeling did remain strong in the South throughout the War. Loyalty to an abstract ideal, however, and willingness to fight and possibly die for that ideal are two different matters. Former royal governors in their reports consistently overestimated the number of men actively ready to take up arms for the British and against their own people. This fact would be decisive in the entire Southern campaign.

The British reasoned quite correctly that the Northern states could be contained by naval blockade and by the constant offensive threat of powerful forces in New York and Canada. This obvious strength would permit transfer of the necessary troops to attack and systematically reduce Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. Once this was accomplished New England and the middle states, outflanked North and South, harrassed by Indian attacks in the West, and blocked by outside help by sea, could not maintain a successful long term resistance. Strategically this was an excellent plan. It also was a plan which almost worked.

Under Sir Henry Clinton's leadership the British campaign in the South during its first months moved from one success to another. Savannah, Georgia fell on 29 December, 1778, British forces moving up the river to occupy Augusta. With the help of a French fleet and army under Charles Hector Count D'Estaing, General Benjamin Lincoln tried to retake Savannah but failed. The French sailed away, and Lincoln fell back with a frustrated American army on Charleston. Sir Henry Clinton operating from British-held Savannah and supported by a fleet under Mariot Arbuthnot on 29 March, 1780, established siege lines above Charleston. With reinforcements from New York commanded by Charles Lord Cornwallis and Francis Lord Rawdon, the city was completely invested and all escape routes cut. On 12 May, 1780, Benjamin Lincoln surrendered Charleston with almost the entire army of the Southern Department.

After this grievous blow to American hopes for freedom, the British fanned out over the back country of South Carolina and Georgia establishing garrisons and strong points throughout the region. Cornwallis replaced Henry Clinton as British commander in the South, and the Continental Congress desperately sent Horatio Gates, hailed as the hero of Saratoga, to rebuild the army and retrieve the military situation. The pompous, overly confident Gates, refusing all advice, marched from North Carolina with a reconstituted army, mostly Virginia and North Carolina militia. Lord Cornwallis, moving out from Camden, met Gates head on near Sanders Creek on 16 August, 1780, and totally routed the Americans. That most valiant European volunteer, Johann de Kalb, fighting to the end, fell mortally wounded and died later in British hands at Camden.

With the war in the North generally in the doldrums and a series of major defeats in the South, the thirteen states suffered from an all pervading defeatism and apathy. While French weapons and equipment for the American forces continued to arrive in a steady trickle, actual French military assistance so far had proved less than useful, and in 1780 the British Southern strategy apparently was working as planned. The British in the South now held the towns, main roads, and settled areas, but the wild hinterland remained in American hands. Thus was the year of the great Southern partisans: Francis Marion, Thomas Sumter, Andrew Pickens, William Davie, William Campbell, John Sevier, Isaac Shelby, and a host of others, desperate, ragged men without pay or logistical support, striking out savagely from swamp, forest, wild savannah, or mountain glen, keeping the war alive when hope was gone and the cause seemed lost. They were to bleed the British slowly and ruthlessly, a constant drain on British manpower and resources, an unremitting danger to British control.

It was in this year of disaster that the first links of the chain which led to final victory for the American cause were forged. At King's Mountain, South Carolina, on 7 October, 1780, Major Patrick Ferguson's 900 Loyalist Provincial rangers and militia were surrounded and destroyed by an approximately equal number of Southern frontier riflemen commanded by William Campbell of Virginia. Ferguson died well, charging on horseback, sword in hand against the encircling rifles, but he lost his life and his entire command. The number of troops engaged was small, but Cornwallis had lost one of his finest commanders and some of his best-trained light troops. He was forced by King's Mountain to call off his projected invasion of North Carolina, a fatal delay in his overall plan to subdue the entire South.

This was the first real American victory in some time, and it rang like a trumpet call throughout a dispirited country.

At Blackstocks, South Carolina, on 20 November, 1780, South Carolina and Georgia militia commanded by the Gamecock, Thomas Sumter, checked with heavy loss the redoubtable British cavalry leader, Banastre Tarleton. Tarleton held the field, and the Americans retreated carrying with them the gravely wounded Sumter, but the Souther-

ners suffered only three dead and four wounded while British casualties numbered 192. While Tarleton called it a victory in his report to Cornwallis, it was a hollow claim.

Two months later on 17 January, 1781, one of the most important engagements of the entire war took place. This was the Battle of Cowpens, South Carolina, where the old rifle commander, Daniel Morgan of Virginia, fought Banastre Tarleton and soundly defeated him. The American troops engaged were Virginians, Marylanders, South Carolinians, North Carolinians and Georgians, regulars and militia, facing British and Provincial regulars. Cowpens was a formal, European style set battle, and the best commander with the best army won the day: at Saratoga, the great American victory in the North, the British under John Burgoyne had been outnumbered almost four to one. The two armies at Cowpens were approximately equal. The distinguished British military historian, John William Fortescue in Volume III (page 362) of his *A History of the British Army* calls the Battle of Cowpens "small in scale but momentous in results:" Cornwallis went ahead with his invasion of North Carolina and Virginia, but he had lost valuable and irreplaceable elements of his army which never really recovered from the two defeats at King's Mountain and Cowpens.

Major General Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island had assumed command of the American Army of the South on 2 December, 1780. He had been George Washington's earlier choice for the post, but the Congress had given the job to the luckless Horatio Gates. Now Greene was in the saddle, and Washington's confidence was justified. After Cowpens Morgan's command rejoined the main army, and Greene fell back in a fighting retreat across North Carolina; Cornwallis, with a depleted British army, in close pursuit. On 15 March, 1781, at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, a strongly reinforced Greene turned and fought. With the exception of Captain Robert Kirkwood's valiant Delaware company of 80 Continental infantry, some of Henry Lee's Legion and a few artillery soldiers, all of Greene's army of 4,400 men were Southerners. Cornwallis with about 2,000 effectives frontally attacked Greene and drove him from the field, but it was a pyrrhic victory, the British losses of 532 killed, wounded, and missing being almost twice that of the Americans.

With a badly hurt army Cornwallis fell back on the British coastal base at Wilmington, North Carolina, with Greene following him closely. At Wilmington, Cornwallis, on the mistaken assumption that Greene would again follow him, marched north to Virginia. This decision turned out to be a fatal mistake since Nathanael Greene instead returned with his army to South Carolina and his eventual triumph.

Lord Cornwallis, after his arrival in Virginia, took over command of the British army in that state, and on Sir Henry Clinton's instructions, established his main bases at Yorktown and Gloucester. Admiral Francois Count de Grasse came up from the West Indies with a French fleet of 28 ships and 3,300 regulars from the San Domingo garrisons. At the Battle of the Capes, near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on 5 September, 1781, de Grasse fought British Admiral Thomas Graves who had sailed down from New York with 19 ships. The battle was indecisive but Graves sailed away, and Cornwallis was doomed.

On 28 September, 1781, the American army under the personal command of George Washington supported by the French fleet and a French army commanded by Lieutenant General Jean Baptiste Donatien De Vimeur Count de Rochambeau invested Yorktown and Gloucester, Virginia. The siege of Yorktown was a classic operation with successive parallels and saps driven toward the British lines covered by a steady artillery bombardment. On 17 October, 1781, after an unsuccessful attempt to escape across the river via Gloucester, the British beat the parley, and on 19 October, 1781, the Yorktown garrison surrendered. This was the last effective field army the British had in America. There still was fighting, but Yorktown marked the end. Savannah was evacuated by the British on 11 July, 1782, Charleston on 14 December, 1782, and finally New York on 25 March, 1783.

Washington had marched to Yorktown from New York with 2,500 Continentals. The Marquis de Lafayette had a strong corps of over 3,000 men already in Virginia, so the combined American Continentals numbered 5,645. Of these 1,350 were Virginians and Marylanders. There undoubtedly were many Southerners in Lafayette's division of light infantry and Stephen Moylan's 4th regiment of dragoons. General Thomas Nelson's Virginia state troops and militia at Yorktown numbered 3,200, so even at Yorktown, the climatic siege and battle of the war, with Washington's army from the New York area present on the scene, more than half that army were Southerners.

The truly outstanding American military leaders of the Revolution also should be considered. George Washington was a Virginian. Daniel Morgan, the victor at Cowpens, whose rifle corps was an important factor in the key victory at Saratoga, also was a Virginian, while George Rogers Clark was from Albemarle County, Virginia. The American regular cavalry was never particularly important in the war, but its two most dashing and successful commanders, Henry Lee and William Washington, were both from Virginia. Those most excellent soldiers, Otho Williams and John Eager Howard came from Maryland, and the Maryland Continentals they commanded were the best infantry in the American regular army. Isaac Huger, an able wing commander for Nathanael Greene in several key

battles, was a South Carolinian.

Of the great Southern partisan leaders, Marion, Sumter, and Pickens were South Carolinians. Davie is claimed by both Carolinas. Elijah Clarke was a Georgian, Campbell, a Virginian, while Sevier and Shelby came from the frontier settlement across the mountains in what is now Tennessee.

This is not to say that the North did not produce outstanding field commanders. Mad Anthony Wayne, Henry Knox, Washington's artillery expert, Israel Putnam, and dear old John Starke, who won the battle of Bennington, immediately come to mind. John Barry was the father of the United States Navy, and Lambert Wickes, a distinguished and most effective commerce raider. Ironically the British military historian, Fortescue, rates Benedict Arnold as the most able of all American field commanders, an opinion based on Arnold's exploits at Ticonderoga, Quebec, Valcour Island, Fort Stanwix, Saratoga, and elsewhere.

The most notable of all the Northern leaders was Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island who took command of the shattered army of the South after the disastrous rout at Camden. It is to his unconquerable spirit and wise, steadfast leadership that much of the credit for the victory in the South should be given. He also had the honor of commanding very good men, a basic essential in such a victory.

After the war, the grateful citizens of South Carolina and Georgia presented Nathanael Greene with lands and money. He chose to settle on his new plantation, Mulberry Grove, fourteen miles above Savannah. The Northern Rhode Island Quaker joined the Southern-landed gentry with all the perquisites thereof. Under the circumstances the South would seem justified in declaring him an Honorary Southerner, and thus one of the South's distinguished commanders in the Revolutionary War. ⊠

The Way It Was 1872
November/December

Short Southern winters. Dying leaves of fabulous red and yellow linger on twisted limbs. The earth is covered with a thick carpet of brown pine straw. Only traces of snow, except in the mountains and foothills. The air is chilled and fresh. Children with red cheeks laugh and breathe frosted air.

Days just like these ...

November 1...*Macon.* Polling places have begun filing election returns. A number of colored men presented themselves a vote holding Democratic tickets. Radical Republicans quickly descended on them saying "orders are out to take names of Negroes not voting right" and take them over to Mr. Swayze, a local federal judge holding his appointment from Grant. Some of the men reportedly were frightened and left; others were forced to change their ballots. A few, however, persisted and voted as they pleased.

November 3...*Atlanta.* It is reported here by telegraph that in several North Carolina cities federal judges now seek to force the indictment of newspapermen who discuss the Grant Administration in uncomplimentary terms.

November 7...*Richmond County.* In more election news, the Richmond *Chronicle* reports that about 600 illegal votes were polled. Many Negroes from South Carolina crossed the river to cast ballots, hid and voted again as darkness approached.

December 2...*New Orleans.* By telegraph from Philadelphia comes word of the opinion of Mr. Wendell Phillips that another four years of President U.S. Grant will not be enough. He is quoted as saying, "I hope to see General Grant remain President until every Southerner now living over forty years of age shall be put forever under ground."

December 6...*New Orleans.* Yesterday afternoon United States troops with bayonets and artillery took over the Louisiana State House when the secretary of state refused to give up his office to a radical who claimed new authority. General Sheridan was present. The legislature will not be permitted by the troops to meet for business.

December 24...*New Orleans.* There is little evidence of the holiday season here. Even during the war, joy was in the air each Christmas. Around us now there is little cause for rejoicing, but we must remember that the Eternal Cause is not lost. It is the duty of a brave Southland to remember our Savior at the anniversary of His birth. ⊠

—*Nancy Chapman Stoddard*

Author Note:
Henry Lumpkin, professor of history at the University of South Carolina, spent some twelve years of his working life in Paris, France serving as Command Historian for the United States European Command. On one occasion he and his wife were at a dinner party in Paris, and a French colonel, a fellow guest, asked him from what part of the United States he came. The answer, very proudly, was South Carolina. "Ah yes" said the Colonel, "the South—the land of America's first line regiments." The colonel's statement was true for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is still true today.

Looking Back at the Boykin Hunt Club

by Henry D. Boykin

Henry D. Boykin is a prominent architect from Camden, South Carolina, whose work is well-known throughout the state. His father, James Willis Cantey Boykin, known affectionately by everyone as "Stew" was a gentleman and a legendary shot (despite having lost the use of one eye). His fund of amusing anecdotes, almost all historical, could keep good company laughing over bourbon and water for hours.

Three long ringing signals from the driver's horn, and the hunt was over. I quit my stand and met Dad on the road back of our line. We had both seen a doe that had kept us on our toes for a while, but otherwise, the drive had been uneventful.

We fell quiet and listened. Then Dad asked if I had noticed how it was still possible to see the plowed rows of an old cultivated field where there now were large trees. He often pointed out such bits of local history, and I always enjoyed learning about them. We listened to a hound bothering a cold trail for the second time.

The hound responded to another call from the horn, and Dad broke the silence again.

"During slavery times, most of this swamp was cultivated and there was little thought for timber. The Englishes, Ancrums, Canteys, and Langs were neighbors in these parts. That was when Papa Daws was here."

He saw that my interest was aroused, and he continued. "Dawson was a sailor on a slave ship that regularly came to Charleston in the eighteen forties or fifties. He was a colored man, probably about an Octoroon, but he was considered a Negro. Being well educated, he knew what he was about, and everyone respected him. He told about his experiences at sea with a heavy British accent.

"Another ship made Dawson a better offer, and he made a change. The owner of the ship then fell into hard times, and when they arrived at Charleston the next time, Dawson was in irons and in line with the slaves. He would bring a price, of course.

"Old man Thomas Lang and one of the Canteys were in Charleston to buy a few slaves, and they saw Dawson in the line and asked, 'Dawson, what happened?' He replied, 'When we approached the harbor, they threw me into irons and

intend selling me with the rest! My dear sirs, I hope that you can get me out of this predicament!' So Mr. Lang and Mr. Cantey went to find a lawyer.

"Things were slow in those days, and they didn't really have any proof of his origin and former position. The sale was set for the next day, and the lawyer that they had hired couldn't help them, so they went back to Dawson with the grim report and asked what he wanted them to do. 'Buy me!' he quickly answered.

"It took all of the money that Mr. Lang and Mr. Cantey had intended using for buying several slaves, but they made the purchase and immediately freed Dawson. In gratitude, he agreed to work for them, alternating each year.

"He became an overseer for each of them; he was respected by all of their slaves. The young folk especially liked him and called him 'Papa Daws'! His wages were nominal but adequate for his position. The difficulty was that he was trained to be a sailor, not a farmer, and he never lost the salty ways of the sea.

"One year, when Dawson was working for Mr. Lang, he decided to clean up an old barnyard that had become overgrown with weeds. He stumbled upon an abandoned well on the grounds, and before he could regain his footing, he fell into the hole. There was no physical harm, only his dignity was shaken, but the slaves working with him were greatly alarmed. In no time, their call spread the word that, 'Papa Daws fell in the well!' Across the fields and to the big house spread the word, 'Papa Daws is in the well!' "

"Mr. Lang came straight-'way on his horse and called down into the dark hole, 'You Dawson?'

" 'Aye, Sir,' was the reply

" 'How in the world are we going to get you out?'

" 'That's for ye landsmen to say!' replied Dawson.

"The emergency was soon over when an old slave brought a stout rope to solve the problem.

"Another year, Dawson was working for Mr. Cantey. During those days, Mr. Lang had taken a fancy to greyhounds, and Mr. Cantey had a flock of sheep. Something started killing the sheep at night, and Dawson sat up to catch the killer. The greyhounds came to do their dirty work, and Dawson tried to catch one of them, without success, but he got a good look at them.

"The next day, he went to Mr. Lang and announced, 'Your dogs are killing my master, Mr. Cantey's sheep!'

" 'Why, Dawson,' said Mr. Lang, 'my dogs don't kill sheep. How do you know they're my dogs?'

" 'Well sir, because you are the only man in this county that owns those rat-tailed, shad-bellied, snip-nosed sons of bitches!'

I asked more about Dawson, and Dad said, "He was about 51 when he came here, I was told, and he never married, and when he died, he was buried in honorable style somewhere on this side of the river."

Suddenly there was a racket from down the swamp, and we both stopped to listen. Dad said, "Run down the road and watch that crossing, and I'll do the best I can with this briar bed!" I made tracks, and by the time I got to the crossing, I heard a shot behind me, and then another, so I beat it back up the road again to see the results.

Dad was into the briar bed, neck deep, and looking. He said, "I saw a buck jump about here and gave him one barrel, then I saw either the same one or another buck jump right over there and gave him the other barrel!"

Then he said with satisfaction, "Well, here's one!" I bounded into the briars, where he had snapped off his second shot. "And here's the other one!"

Dad had made a double with that old English gun, and it warms my heart just to think of it. But it's the story of Papa Daws that will ring forever in my mind, which Dad kept polishing all those times we asked him to repeat it, so that it got better and better! ⊠

The Partisan Dictionary

Macho — the behavior of a man who is too unsure of his manhood to be gentle.

Prose — prose is made by fools like me, but only God can make little green apples.

Liberation — the aspiration of slaves.

Ignorance — some say it's bliss. I don't know and I don't want to.

Fiction — a term only definable by one who knows the opposite.

Queer — the way conservatives have joined in the perversion of the word "gay."

Robert Whitaker

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

An association of male descendents of the Confederate Veterans of the War Between the States, not less than sixteen years of age.

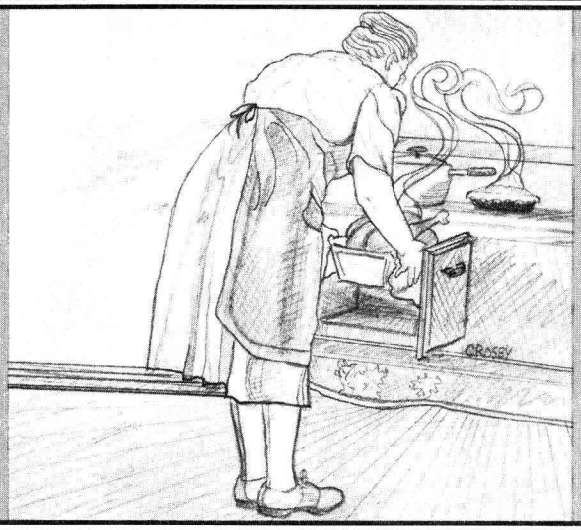
"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history ..."
Lt. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, CSA

For membership information write:
General William D. McCain
Box 5164, Southern Station
Hattiesburg, MS 39401

PROCLAIM YOUR HERITAGE

She Won't Cook

by Robert Drake



She *won't* cook." That was the worst thing my mother could ever say about another woman--worse, I'm sure, than adultery, which, after all, merely involved a change of loyalties. But a woman's refusing to cook implied, for her, a fundamental renunciation of her duty, even function as a woman. Whatever else adultery may have implied, it wasn't that.

The motives for such a renunciation may have been many and complex; but I'm sure that, for my mother, there was only one explanation--laziness, which was another cardinal sin in her book. Because it all went back to her fundamental belief about good cooking--or good anything else: it was *trouble* and there was just no getting away from that. ("Anything in this world that's good is trouble," I've heard her say many times.) That was her fundamental belief about the world's work too: whatever you did well, it would involve time and effort but you should take pride in it and do it as well as you could--a workman who needed not to be ashamed. (When one of our elderly spinster cousins predicted for me a career as a preacher--the highest compliment in her power, I'm sure, my mother said, well, all right, but she'd rather I'd be a first-class bootlegger than a jack-leg preacher!)

But to return to women who wouldn't cook, we might just note that her views here reflect an older, more traditional attitude toward woman's "place" and have done with it--views that might not be acceptable to many women (and men) today. After all, my mother was born in 1890, and said she well remembered the first time she ever saw a woman riding astride, which was considered very scandalous (but not by her) in those days. Also, though she never learned to drive a car, she always said she could drive anything in the way of a horse she could get between the shafts of a buggy: though no dare-devil, she certainly wasn't skittish.

She had little talent, however, for other traditional feminine arts such as dress-making; always her chief interest had lain in the kitchen. And she said this might have been due to her own mother's always offering to finish whatever sewing my mother was doing while she, in turn, cooked dinner. Whatever the case, the kitchen was where my mother thought every woman should reign supreme; and a woman's attitude toward it and her performance therein were a pretty good indication of her standing on faith and morals and, indeed, her real value as the female of the species. And the proposition that a woman might not know and be in command of every aspect of what went on in the kitchen was absolute anathema to her.

So the kitchen, my mother thought was any woman's kingdom—or should be; and she should preside over it with efficiency and grace. There were no short cuts, of course, in good cooking: the idea of "instant" anything was abhorrent to her. O, there might be a few little tricks of the trade, like adding hot coffee to the residue from frying country ham, to make the red-eye gravy. (When I saw her doing it one time, she told me not to tell anybody!) But again, anything that was good was trouble. She would never have an electric mixer until late in the day and then would never use it for such crucial chores as beating egg whites for a cake. (It might be all right for such menial tasks as whipping cream--and don't forget to add a little cream of tartar if it's slow work.) But cakes, of course were *productions;* and everything about them had to be done *right.* So out would come the old (chipped) turkey platter; and my mother would take a wire whisk and begin making those long strokes (the length of the platter) that were sure to produce the stiffest egg whites (with the most air inside) to be had. And when I was a little boy, she would take the whisk, after egg whites had stiffened, and *say* she was making Santa Claus and the eight tiny reindeer right there, just for me.

The idea of using a cake mix was not something my mother ever even contemplated, so far as I know. Indeed, I should imagine the possibility would have been not only incredible to her; doubtless, it would have seemed obscene. Because making a cake was the test and the goal of every good cook. There could be no greater challenge--and no more trouble. For her memorable coconut cakes in the

winter and particularly at Christmas, there had to be fresh coconut, grated so fine it would almost make your fingers bleed in the process, and of course the coconut milk for the icing. And after the cake had stood for a while (its "shelf life" was never long, as you may imagine), the coconut milk would permeate cake as well as icing in the most luscious way. Boiled custard, its usual accompaniment, had to be just the right consistency too: boiled too little it was too thin, boiled too much it was too thick. And everything was all done by eye and smell and taste (no clinical detachment on the part of the cook) on a big coal range in winter, a smaller coal oil stove in summer. Indeed, the best angel food cakes she ever made, my mother said, were made on that coal oil stove: she knew just how high the flames needed to be adjusted under the oven.

Recipes were not sacrosanct to her: like the greatest artists, she often played by ear. But when she did devise a recipe of her own, she was very proud of it--and quite happy to pass it on to others. Unlike some expert cooks, she was quite willing to share her knowledge and skill. But she expected you to be fair in return. Once one of my aunts gave my mother's own Spanish rice recipe, which she had perfected over years of experiment (the secret, she said, was in the chicken giblets), to a cookbook to which she had been asked to contribute and *signed her own name* to it! I've never seen my mother more angry either; she was furious. "Why, I'd just as soon she'd taken my diamond ring!" she exploded. And I believe she spoke the literal truth. The only "good" piece of jewelry my mother ever owned was a handsome diamond solitaire (in a Tiffany mounting). She had bought it with her own money, as an investment, before she ever married; and she was very proud of its beauty and brilliance. ("There are bigger diamonds in the world but none finer," she would observe.) She would hardly ever take it off either, not even for washing dishes. ("Soap and water never hurt a good diamond," she would say.) And of course she was quite right, as she always was about real quality. ("Good clothes are always in style. I'd rather have a few good things ...," I can hear her saying right now.)

I naturally looked forward to those times when she entertained. When she had her book club, I got to lick the dasher after the apricot ice cream was made. When it was the bridge club, I got the extra tomato aspic. But her crowning performance of the year came, fittingly enough, at Christmas. My father was one of five brothers, who all lived in that one west Tennessee county. So every Christmas we had not one but five Christmas dinners. And my mother and the four aunts would all lay themselves out, not without some friendly rivalry, putting the big pot in the little one and making soup out of the bones, as we say. Each had her particular specialties—things that were all "made" dishes (my mother's Spanish rice and grated sweet potato pudding, for example) and often took considerable trouble and time. My mother usually gave the first of the dinners on the Sunday before Christmas, and it would then take about two weeks to work through the whole roster. As a rule, we would finish up on the Sunday after New Year's at my uncle's out in the country, where he always had his own home-cured country ham as well as turkey. (My aunt, his wife, usually made me a chocolate pie with meringue that seemed almost a foot high for Christmas; and other chocolate pies have seemed anticlimactic ever since.)

So for those two weeks we gave ourselves as a family up to the pleasures of the table, with few reservations and certainly none of our present concerns about diet. There was no alcohol of course for these good Methodists, only a little whiskey, by way of "spiking," for the boiled custard. But there were quite enough "spirits" without that, in the laughter of old times remembered and old tales retold. Not gluttons, they were all nevertheless serious trenchermen and would surely have agreed with Dr. Johnson when he said a man who would not mind his belly would hardly mind anything else. Making a production over so-called "gourmet" food, as some now do, would have been unthinkable to them; good food was just something you *had.* And, yes, anything in this world that was good was trouble.

That world is mostly gone now--the big dinners, my father and the uncles and all their tales, all their fun, my mother and the aunts dispensing, almost like priestesses, nourishment for both body and soul, and of course the *trouble,* always taken for granted in that world where *quality* came as no surprise. But now and then I get reminded, almost resentfully, I feel, by some contemporary hostess how much *trouble* entertaining is. And I'm tempted to ask her why she does it then, also ask her how she thinks I would *not* know this, growing up where and when I did. I do sometimes respond by quoting my mother's old dictum about anything in this world that's good, but she doesn't seem to be satisfied with that. Indeed, it seems to make her impatient and irritable more often than not; and I reflect that somebody somewhere in her background seems to have misled her badly about the fundamental nature of the world. Now and then, too, I visit in some house where the hostess tells me, almost with pride, it seems, that the kitchen is just not her thing (alas, her meal often proves it) and--always laughing--it's a good thing she never had to make her living by cooking, she does just as little of it as she can get by with! And I recollect my mother and shudder at what she would have thought and said thereto. And it always ends with "she *won't* cook." Then I go on and laugh too--but not for the reason that my hostess thinks. ⊠

My mother usually gave the first of the dinners on the Sunday before Christmas ... my aunt usually made me a chocolate pie with meringue that seemed almost a foot high ...

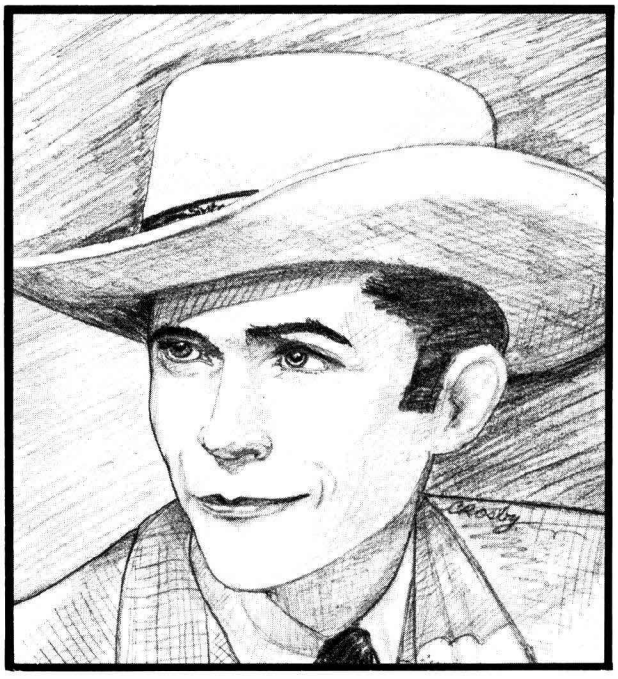
BOOKS

Hank Williams and The Elusive Redneck

by Warren Leamon

George William Koon, Hank Williams: A Bio-Bibliography, *Greenwood Press. 1983. 180 pp. $29.95.*

Warren Leamon teaches English at the University of Georgia. He has published numerous articles, poems and short stories.



Like it or not, the most lasting symbol of the South is the Redneck. My eight-year-old son thinks General Lee is a car; many of my students don't know in what century the War Between the States was fought, although they are quick to tell me that it was fought to free the slaves. Mention industrialization, tariffs, or States Rights, and their faces go blank. God only knows what Yankees think. They used to insist that the South should forget the past and rejoin the Union. Now that the South is doing just that, they are howling for congressional action to stop the downward flow of industry and technology. For awhile the term *Dixie* conjured up the image of a poor suffering black, but now that a few federal judges have ordered bussing and enforced affirmative action guidelines north of the Mason-Dixon line, Northerners are becoming more balanced in their attitude toward the South.

But the Redneck endures. From Longstreet's rogues and conmen and roughnecks and Twain's rapscallions to Faulkner's Snopses and Huey Long's woolhats and Al Capp's bumpkins and O'Connor's fiercely realistic updating of Huck Finn, the Redneck remains the salt of the Southern earth, a race apart, whether he works in the carpet mills in Dalton, Georgia, or in the automobile factories in Detroit or in the aircraft plants on the West Coast. He is the only ethnic group the national media can ridicule with impunity. When his good old boy side is caricatured, he emerges as a lovable creature in Dogpatches and Hazards, wonderfully free of blacks, knife fights, and vicious drunks; when his violent side is caricatured, he becomes the murderous villian who slaughtered that doped-up free spirit, the easy rider. Attempts in popular art to bring the many sides of his character into harmony have mostly

The essence of the Redneck is a man between --a farmer without a farm, a family man without a stable family, a religious man without a religion ... His life is one of constant tension: sex, drunkenness, and violence contend with love, hard work and passion.

failed. "Bonnie and Clyde" came close but finally collapsed into a Freudian cliche; and "In the Heat of the Night" still stands a monument to the naivete of the sixties: the wicked sheriff converted to Middle America's dream of sweet reason.

These thoughts were occasioned by William Koon's splendid study of Hank Williams, who was and remains, despite all attempts to polish him up, the quintessential Redneck. This book should serve as a model for future studies of popular culture; the style is clean and direct, the thought balanced and the judgments sane. Koon neither overestimates nor underestimates the significance of his subject; and most important, he concentrates on the interaction between the entertainer and his environment, which is what any study of popular culture should be about. But he resists the environmentalist's temptation to treat Williams as simply a product of his time and place.

Koon's task was a difficult one: to retrieve the actual man from the myths that have grown up around him. Surprisingly, he succeeds. I say *surprisingly* because when academics try to write about popular culture they almost invariably become either pretentious ("Marilyn Monroe emerges a symbol of the viciousness of American society") or condescending ("Bessie Smith never really understood the forces that were working for her destruction"). Koon, in avoiding both extremes, leaves us with a richly ambiguous hero.

The brief life of Williams, which opens the book, is deceptively simple and straightforward. According to fellow musicians, who are interviewed later, Williams never made much of his background, and Koon avoids sensationalizing it. Williams' upbringing in South Alabama, which the Depression hit long before the thirties, was pathetically typical. His family was dirt poor, his health was bad from birth (he was born with *spina bifida occulta*), he received practically no education. By the time he was in his early teens, he was already on the road, performing in roadhouses where they strung chicken wire between the performers and the audience.

A Southerner himself, Koon understands the essence of the Redneck: he is a man between--a farmer without a farm, a family man without a stable family, a religious man without a religion; he alternates between an enthusiasm for the land, for mother and father, for God and a hardheaded commitment to life as it is. His life is one of constant tension: sex, drunkenness, and violence contend with love, hard work and passion. His fundamentalist faith and his own experience convince him that he lives in a fallen world, but because he is denied a sacramental vision of reality, he can never reach an accommodation with that world. He is almost never a protester because for him there is nothing to protest against. Governments, economic systems, social conventions come and go; the only reality is the individual struggling with a God who demands more than the individual can ever give.

Naturally the Redneck is a fearful creature in American society. By turns volatile and morose, sentimental and cruel, easy going and violent, teetotaler and drunkard, village atheist and fanatic, he would be a fearful creature in any society but he is especially menacing to one that seeks salvation in a social order utterly divorced from any transcendent reality. Consequently, Hank Williams, because of this genius, has had to be mythologized both by the Grand Old Opry establishment, which has sought to deny the dark side of his life, and by the media establishment, which has sought to turn him into a pure product of his background. That Williams' career was so short (he died when he was 29) aids both sets of mythologizers. Also, as Koon makes clear, his Nashville years are difficult to document and the few facts support both views: a good old boy shooting rabbits on his Nashville estate and a man made increasingly bitter and cynical by the cruel road schedule that went with fame in those days.

Which brings us to the music. And here Koon's analysis is as good as his biography. In fact, the two are closely related because, as Koon says, "... hard country is democratic; its performers do seem to be speaking to their equals of real and often shared experience." And he goes on to speak of the audience's "demand for the connection between life and art." If the life of the Redneck is one of opposites, then we should expect the music to be filled with them as well. Thus Williams goes easily from gospel songs to songs about the wild side of life. But the songs that stand between the two—"Pictures from Life's Other Side," "Be Careful of Stones that You Throw," etc.—state overtly the strong moral current that flows through hard country. Koon is excellent in showing how Williams derives from a tradition that doesn't *celebrate* drinking and gambling and adultery; it sees them as inevitable realities. What informs the best hard country music is not sentimentality (the major weakness of most popular art) or hypocrisy (though contemporary American culture tends to view any expression of guilt as hypocritical) but rather *melancholy*: a plaintive acceptance of human frailty devoid of any affirmation of immorality. In short, hard country--like all folk art--is reactionary in its morality. It seeks the status quo and often lapses into nostalgia.

Hard country may have been the last remnant of real folk music in America. Beginning with the twenties, the radio carried the music to an illiterate audience which imitated it over and over again in rural communities throughout the South. Most hard country singers could not even get their music copyrighted until after World War II, and Koon emphasizes that while Williams was undoub-

tably a musical genius, like all other geniuses he was by no means a pure original. He was an almost illiterate imitator who welded lyric, melody, and performance into an art that was paradoxically typical and unique.

Lyric, melody and performance—the three elements of all song, are popular or art. For awhile academics who compiled freshman English textbooks and were trying desperately to make them "relevant," included lyrics of Beatles' songs (and Dylan and Cohen) and never seemed to notice how sophomoric songs like "Eleanor Rigby" become on the printed page. For purposes of analysis Koon divides Williams' music into sections called "Writing Life," "The Lover," and "Sin and Salvation," but he contends (correctly, I think) that Williams succeeded both as Honky Tonk Man and as Luke the Drifter because of the felt quality of his music, a brilliance in performance that, all agree, he possessed. Williams succeeded for another reason as well: his voice was capable of converting the grimness of hard country--best characterized by the original Carter Family--into something other than a simple acceptance of harsh reality. In "Pictures from Life's Other Side" he manages to suggest that suicidal girls are only one side of reality while "Hey, Good Lookin' " achieves an innocence somehow perfectly compatible with drunken revelry. Williams' voice, as it comes through on the records, manages to project what, according to those who saw him perform, his performances projected: an undefeated victim both of the world around him and of his own sins and weaknesses.

But finally song, like all art and like life, is a mystery and Koon never loses sight of the mystery. Hank Williams may have been the last great singer in that folk tradition called hard country. Certainly the end of his life suggests a man hopelessly caught in the dream of a world that no longer existed. He tried to see his national fame as merely an exaggeration of his intensely personal one night stands. He took his pleasure from performance, from drunken fellowship and from his childlike passionate attachment to women. One of his fellow musicians remarked, "His childhood may have been hard, but he did not resent it. In fact, he may have had problems because he wanted to hold on to that part of his life, to continue being a good old Alabama boy." The statement is, I think, only partly true in that it attributes to Williams a degree of self-consciousness he probably never possessed.

Hank Williams was a Redneck to the end of his life. But what that means is that, far from being too simple to contend with fame, he was in fact too complex to find security in worldly success.

The Rednecks are with us always. You can see them any Saturday night here in Athens, Georgia, whooping it up in the Armadillo Palace, as simple and as incomprehensible as Williams himself. What they do and what they sing are straightforward enough; what they are is a mystery. Koon as usual puts it best: "Hank will elude us for a long time, perhaps for good." ⊠

Pictures of the War

By Rod Gragg

The Photographic History of the Civil War (10 volumes) Francis T. Miller. Fairfax Press, Distributed by Crown Publishers

The Image of the War: 1861-1865 (6 Volumes) National Historical Society, Distributed by Doubleday

When published for the first time in 1911, Francis Miller's *Photographic History of the Civil War* established a milestone as the definitive photographic record of the War Between the States. The 10-volume work has been reprinted in several editions by several publishers since 1911, but now Fairfax Press has produced a new edition of commendable quality. The new edition is adorned by flashy book jackets, but inside, fortunately, is the familiar layout of Miller's original publication. So far, Fairfax Press has distributed only three volumes and the photographic reproduction is poor by today's standards. However, it's good to have this traditional source back again in a new edition.

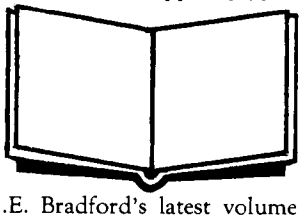
For a first-class collection of wartime photography complimented by modern reproduction techniques, nothing compares to *The Image of the War: 1861-1865* (6 Vols. National Historical Society. Distributed by Doubleday.), the new multi-volume work now heralded as the definitive photographic study of the War Between the States. Containing more than 4,000 photographs, including many never before published, this new series is the fruit of a national search for rare images. Unlike Miller's series, this modern work carefully identifies each image, correcting many caption errors. Also unlike Miller's series, this series contains a detailed index and provides second and third views of various wartime subjects. *The Image of the War* also happily contains many images produced by Confederate photographers—a rarity which adds a new dimension to wartime photographic collections.

If the series has a flaw, it may lie in the text, which is sometimes excellent, but sometimes lethargic. Even that, however, is not enough to blemish this new collection. It is an objective and painstakingly well-researched triumph in photo-historiography. ⊠

BOOKNOTES

Generations of the Faithful Heart

M.E. Bradford, Sherwood Sugden, LaSalle, Illinois. 216 pp., $5.95.



M.E. Bradford's latest volume is a collection of essays all of which deal with the South through its literature or with the literature as a product of the region.

A Faulkner scholar of major stature, Bradford also shows himself to be a keen interpreter of figures such as Donald Davidson and Caroline Gordon, whose reputations have suffered in recent years but whose achievements were substantial and permanent. The Gordon essay in particular shows how fierce was that novelist's commitment to her region and how sharply critical she could be of its enemies.

Perhaps the most instructive piece in the volume, however, is the introductory essay which deals with the influence of Roman letters on Southern society and its writers. Here Bradford is at his best, bringing together all his considerable knowledge as literary critic, historian, and political thinker to tell us something of the utmost importance about who we are and where we come from. Undoubtedly he is right in attributing so much of Southern style and outlook to the conscious recapturing of a classical tradition. It is a subject worthy of an entire volume, and yet he does it justice in 11 pages. Alone it's worth the price of the book.

Yet there is much more here: original and wise insights into the works of John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, and even Walker Percy, (about whom he is not always right but invariably provocative). In fact, he doesn't miss many of the more enduring literary talents, and what he has to say about them is worth hearing, even if you failed English in college and got your degree in engineering. Bradford's subject is always broader than the work of art itself, and he will eventually wander into your world and illuminate things you've never noticed before.

Tom Landess

Humor of a Country Lawyer

Sam J. Ervin, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. 1983. 230 pp. $12.95.

A few weeks back, I heard a fellow who had flown in to South Carolina to do a tax seminar. He was a New Yorker, born and raised. He seemed nice enough. He had a slick look about him—the best clothes without being flashy, the latest hair style. He started out his talk with the time-honored two-jokes routine. The jokes were both topical. His first had something to do with Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker. The second joke was about anti-smoking laws.

The slick traveler from New York, with his slick clothes and his slick professional delivery, gave a good talk, well received. His jokes, however, fell flat. Unfortunately for him, Southern humor is just different from Northern humor. To put it plainly, ours is better.

All of this came back to me this week as I picked up *Humor of a Country Lawyer*, by Sam Ervin. Yes, the same Sam Ervin, Senator from North Carolina, the Sam Ervin of Watergate fame. Ervin, now retired at 87, always spoke of himself as a country lawyer and was proud of his small town background. From this, springs not only the title of the book, but his humor as well.

Ervin tells stories that are genuine. His stories are not inspired by movies or TV or the nightly news. They come from life. In most instances, each one actually happened to him.

There is a timeless quality to country stories. For example, Ervin tells of a North Carolina mountaineer who came to Sam's lawfirm seeking a divorce. He couldn't stand living with the woman any longer, he said, because she talks all the time. "Well, what does she talk about?" Ervin asked his client politely. "I don't know," he replied. "She don't say."

This is a nice book, a pleasant evening with an intelligent man of humor who loves people and who loves a good laugh. He tells the things he saw and heard in a complex life. We get them through the eyes of a man who kept the small town South in his heart. And, every night as some comic comes on TV with a memorized monologue that is the product of six joke writers in a backroom somewhere, the stories in *Humor of a Country Lawyer* become more valuable. Just as a real piece of furniture crafted by hand becomes more dear everytime a sparkling new plastic table rolls off the assembly line. Sam Ervin is not plastic. He's the real thing.

Lake High

Karl Kraus and the Soul-Doctors

Thomas Szasz. LSU Press, 1976, Baton Rouge, L.A. $14.95.

Karl Kraus (1874-1936) is not a name likely to be familiar to many American students of rhetoric and semantics. This is due, in part, to the fact that much of his work remains untranslated from the German. We owe a debt of gratitude to Thomas Szasz for bringing highly original and important material to a much wider audience.

A Bohemian Jew, Kraus came to Vienna at the turn of this century at a crucial time and in a crucial place. Vienna was destined to be a seedbed of the glories and ills of this century. Here Zionism was born in 1898 with the publication of Theodor Herzl's *The Jerusalem State*. Franz Kafka, prophetic author of nightmarish stories about bureaucracies (now an all too familiar horror in our daily lives) began his career in Vienna at about this time. In music, Gustav Mahler, the new director of the Vienna Opera, was summing up the Germanic traditions of the symphony in his own huge symphonic works, and Sigmund Freud's theories on human behavior were at this time beginning to be talked about.

In his early years, shortly after his arrival in Vienna, Kraus attended lectures on philosophy and literature. He began to contribute book and theater reviews of a satirical nature to numerous Austrian periodicals and newspapers. Not surprisingly, he soon concentrated his entire attention on social criticism and satire, and in the year 1899 founded his own periodical *Die Fackel* (the torch) which he edited for the remainder of his life.

In a short time, Kraus' journal became the talk of the town. In *Die Fackel* Kraus relentlessly satirized the army, the bureaucracy, and the new "science" of Herr Freud, psychiatry, to which at first, interestingly, Kraus had been favorably disposed. He turned against Freud's theories, however, when it dawned on him that psychiatry was a pseudo-science, wholly dependent on a false system of semantics.

Kraus, like Richard Weaver, understood that the corruption and debasement of language leads ultimately to the destruc-

tion of thought. The "noble rhetorician" in Kraus' view, teaches the student to think for himself, to form his own conclusions, and not to allow himself to become the slave of pseudo-intellectual malcontents.

Freud and his works thus are to be consigned to the category of the "base rhetorician" who seeks to make his charge (or patient) totally dependent on his will. As Kraus put it in one of his trenchant aphorisms, "psychoanalysis is that mental illness for which it regards itself as therapy." It bears not the slightest similarity to true science or medicine because it makes false claims to objectivity, thus corrupting the value-free language of science with subjective thought. Psychiatry, therefore, is a form of secret knowledge to which the acolyte must humbly submit himself, never questioning any tenets of the faith.

No aspect of psychiatry disgusted Kraus more than its attempt to "psychoanalyze" dead artists. Thus Richard Wagner wrote *The Flying Dutchman* because he wished to be like his father. Quite correctly, Kraus perceived this ratiocination as a secret form of envy. Lacking real talents of his own, the psychiatrist attempts to bring truly great men under his power.

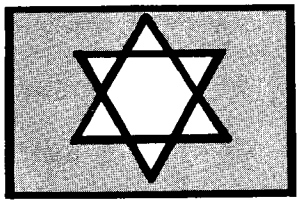
Szasz, himself a well-known debunker of psychiatric mythology, treats his subject approvingly and well. Still available from LSU Press, this book has not received the attention it deserves in the several years since publication.

About the time this fine work by Szasz appeared, a university campus on the west coast was littered with signs inviting students to a meeting where one could learn to protect oneself from "psychiatric assaults." It is not likely that the students received the advice that they should have received: read, study and assimilate *Karl Kraus and the Soul-Doctors.*

Charles Hamel

The Zionist Connection II

Alfred M. Lilienthal. New Brunswick, N.J.: North America, Inc. (P.O. Box 65, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903) Publ. 1982, at $9.95. 904 pp. Also available from the author c/o Middle East Perspective, *850 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10102.*



The Middle East is constantly in the news. Yet, strangely, one of the precious few subjects apparently off-limits to public debate is the unique relationship existing between the state of Israel and the United States. Ever since Israel's creation in 1948, that little nation has enjoyed an importance in American eyes far beyond its size or population. William F. Buckley once remarked facetiously that Israel was America's 51st state. Without realizing it, his statement says much more than he intended. The subject of the peculiar symbiotic closeness between the two countries has become something of a "sacred cow."

It is for this reason that the present volume, *The Zionist Connection II,* by Dr. Alfred Lilienthal, is so important. For more than thirty years, in numerous books, in his crisp little journal *Middle East Perspective,* through his hectic lecture circuit, Dr. Lilienthal, himself Jewish, has been a solitary but stalwart voice demanding a thorough re-examination of the American-Israel "connection." Lilienthal begins *The Zionist Connection II* by asking: "Whose legal and moral claim to Palestine is stronger, the Israeli Zionist or the Arab Palestinians? How, if at all, may these claims be reconciled? How may the U.S. protect its vast political and economic stake in the area and simultaneously continue to foster its special, unique relationship with Israel?"

All good questions for which Lilienthal provides persuasive answers in the 904 heavily-documented pages that follow. Lilienthal divides his study into four main sections. The first one-hundred pages trace the history of Israel, giving background and emphasizing events leading up to its creation thirty years ago. The next sections serve as a critique of commonly-held perceptions regarding the Palestinians, Israel as a "model democracy," and Zionist influence in the United States. The last third of the book examines the history of American-Israeli relations since 1948.

An important distinction that Dr. Lilienthal makes early on is that Judaism and Zionism are not synonomous. Zionism, historically understood, is a nationalist ethno-political movement advocating the return of Jews to an Israeli "homeland." All Jews, by its standards, are de facto citizens of Israel, wherever they may reside and whatever citizenship they presently possess.

Zionism, Lilienthal argues, confounds Israeli nationhood with Jewish religious belief, to the point that the faintest criticism of Israel, the nation, is almost always construed as an anti-Semitic criticism of Judaism, as a religion. There is something profoundly disturbing, Lilienthal is saying, about *American* citizens of the Jewish faith who actively champion "Israel First." It's as if fifty million American Catholics were, for example, to demand that Italy be set aside as a national homeland for Catholics and to insist that any criticism of this arrangement be considered anti-Catholic.

Yet, Lilienthal maintains that this is precisely the situation. Anyone who questions the state of affairs is immediately tarred and feathered as anti-Semitic.

The real success of Zionism he insists boils down to one word: power. "They are able either to muster fantastic muscle at the right moment and at the right place, or instill fear that it might be used. It is the Jewish connection, the tribal solidarity among themselves, and the amazing pull on non-Jews, that has molded this unprecedented power."

Lilienthal argues that many Jews initially opposed the creation of Israel. Yet, he says, "Zionists were able to use the Hitler tragedy to obliterate anti-Zionist opposition ... There has swiftly emerged in the Jewish ethos of the post-World War II era a universally and inflexibly supported movement, Israelism, which embraces many variations of "Friends of Israel."

Dissent is squelched quickly, whether from the right or from the left. According to Lilienthal, Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright is a case in point. His criticism of Israeli influence in the American Congress in 1973 merited him the undying emnity of that powerful lobby. When he came up for re-election in 1974, he was defeated in the primaries by Dale Bumpers. As reported by the *Chicago Tribune,* a Bumpers lieutenant bragged that he could have, "bought central Arkansas with the offers of money from the Jewish community ... The offers of assistance came from people in New York and California, who have raised a lot of money in the Jewish community for political purposes."

One of Lilienthal's most interesting chapters concerns the plight of the Palestinians, some three million of them. Many Palestinians under the age of 35 have lived their entire lives in tent-city refugee camps. Most have seen their homes, businesses and orchards taken over forcibly by Jewish settlers. If they resisted, they were subjected to torture and abuse. This account presents an entirely different picture from the one we see on TV news.

Lilienthal has written a comprehensive and compelling study. He finishes his work with a plea that Americans rethink their role in the Middle East. He seeks to bring new issues into public view. ✠

Boyd Cathey

On The Right Track

W. D. WORKMAN, JR.

The South Carolina Connection

The Rev. Mr. Jackson does little or nothing to publicize his South Carolina connections, but he is a native of Greenville, S.C., where he was born in October, 1941.

In terms of presidential politics, the state of South Carolina usually ranks low, both in terms of electoral votes (being entitled to only eight) and in its impact upon the national political scene.

The obvious exception to that general rule occurred in 1948, when South Carolina's then-Governor Strom Thurmond was chosen as the presidential nominee of the States Rights Democrats. He won a total of 39 electoral votes from Southern states which joined him in rejecting the ultra-liberal and pro-integrationist stance of the National Democratic Party and of Democratic President Harry Truman. Today, thirty-six years after the States' Rights episode, and almost two decades since he switched from the Democratic to the Republican ranks, Thurmond is still prominent on the national scene. As president pro tempore of the U.S. Senate, he is the fourth ranking American, after only the President, the Vice-President,. and the Speaker of the House. And, while finishing his third term in the Senate, he is preparing to run for his fourth.

But this year other South Carolinians are raising their voices to a national pitch.

The junior senator from South Carolina, Ernest F. (Fritz) Hollings, of Charleston, has himself been bitten by the presidential bug, and is actively campaigning throughout the land for the Democratic nomination. Thus the Palmetto State has in the U.S. Senate both a past and a present candidate for U.S. President.

Still another South Carolinian enters the presidential sweepstakes in the person of Jesse L. Jackson, the outspoken black clergyman, political activist, and organizer of the Chicago-based organization known, quite modestly, as PUSH (People United to Save Humanity).

A number of the nation's black leaders question the wisdom of having a black presidential candidate, fearing that such a candidacy might well split the Democratic vote, thereby enhancing the prospects for President Reagan's re-election.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson does little or nothing to publicize his South Carolina connections, but he is a native of Greenville, S.C., where he was born in October, 1941. He obviously takes himself quite seriously as a potential president of the United States, so much so that he seems constantly in motion—both in this country and abroad—advocating measures and pressures aimed at improving the lot of Americans in general and black Americans in particular.

In mid-September, Jackson stated his intention of declaring or denying his presidential candidacy sometime in October—a disclosure which may have been made public by the time this appears in print.

Still another native South Carolinian warrants both attention and analysis as a potent factor in the upcoming presidential election of 1984. Lane Kirkland, of Camden, S.C., has risen through labor's ranks to become president of the AFL-CIO labor conglomerate which packs a truly powerful wallop.

Until now, the AFL-CIO has withheld any organizational endorsement of candidates and platforms until the national parties have made their formal nominations. Kirkland sees a disadvantage in such delayed action, and he favors participation (or at least the declaration of choice) of organized labor in the processing of party nominees and platforms.

Having cited the involvement of three South Carolinians in the upcoming '84 presidential contest, it is only fair and fitting that reference also be made to a University of South Carolina teacher who enters politics from time to time -- as a means of conveying to the public his thoughts and criticisms of the American political system.

William Kreml, an associate professor in the University's department of government and international studies, has declared—albeit with little fanfare—his candidacy for president, and his intention of participating in several of the forthcoming New England primaries.

Quite aside from Prof. Kreml's participation, South Carolinians can take pride (or umbrage) in the fact that the Palmetto State, whether officially or unofficially, will be deeply enmeshed in the national political scene of 1984. What remains to be seen is just how appealing South Carolinians will find the varying political blandishments of Hollings, Jackson, Kirkland, Kreml, and perhaps others with national aspirations.

In passing, and without reference to anyone on the current scene, it might be noted that the only South Carolinian to be elected President of the United States thus far was Andrew Jackson, who served two terms (1829-37). However, it is highly doubtful that the memory of "Old Hickory" will be invoked during the campaign which lies ahead.

NOTES FROM Confederate Memorial Hall

JOHN HURLEY

The Politics of Power

Massachusetts is a curious state. From the time it was first spawned in Puritanism, the dominant part of its citizenry has always believed that the truth solely reposed in the dark precincts of their own minds and that it was their duty to impose their views on the unannointed.

This is why Massachusetts, although signatory to the Constitution, has always been uneasy with the restraint the document imposed on the Puritanical impulse.

An excellent example of the Massachusetts cast of mind can be found in the person of Charles P. Stone. This Massachusetts-born officer graduated from West Point in 1845. While serving in the Mexican War, he became acquainted with General Winfield Scott, general in chief of the U.S. Army.

On December 31, 1860, Stone had arranged to have lunch with General Scott at Wormley's Hotel in Washington, but it was not his intention merely to pay his respects to the old commander. He told the general that Washington city population was almost entirely Southern and these people gave every indication that they would resist Lincoln's plans to scrap the Constitution and invade the South. He suggested that Lincoln may not even be able to get downtown for his inauguration. Clearly, something must be done.

Stone proposed a solution. He wanted General Scott to commission him as colonel and inspector general for the District of Columbia, and place him on the general's personal staff. Without constitutional constraints, he could then interrogate residents, enter private property, weaken or destroy the several standing military units in the District, and generally make the city safe for tyranny.

General Scott was easy to convince, and he had the commission of Stone approved the next day. Although born in Virginia, the general had exhibited no interest in the Constitution or Southern traditions. But beyond this, he had a personal enmity for Jefferson Davis. It seems that Davis, when he was secretary of war in the Pierce Administration, had refused to approve the general's expense vouchers for his private vacations and family excursions. This had been a long-standing practice of the general, and he was deeply resentful of what he considered to be a personal rebuke.

Immediately, Colonel Stone began acting under his newly-acquired authority. He dispatched Yankee spies throughout the city. Stone himself, without revealing his commission, visited the crack "National Rifles" unit. He observed to their commander, Captain Schaeffer, that they appeared to be well-disciplined and were excellent at rapid drill. Schaeffer responded to the compliment: "Yes, it is a good company, and I suppose I shall soon have to lead it to the banks of the Susquehanna."

"Why so?" Stone asked.

"Why! To guard the frontier of Maryland and help to keep the Yankees from coming down to coerce the South!" Schaeffer replied.

Several days after this incident, Captain Schaeffer was summoned to Stone's office. Stone had drafted an oath for Schaeffer to sign that would insure that the company would support the Lincoln Administration. Rather than sign, Captain Schaeffer and his men disappeared and later joined the Confederate Army.

Colonel Stone's role in the denial of constitutional rights to the residents of Washington was not without reward. He was promoted to general and made a part of the Union assault force at Ball's Bluff. This battle took place just three months after the First Battle of Manassas, and resulted in a similar defeat, although on a smaller scale. And thus began a series of misfortunes for Stone.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, a Boston-born soldier in the Union assault force was wounded in the neck. He was to carry this scar with him as he later became an advocate of "flexible" constitutional law as an associate of the Supreme Court.

But more important to Stone was the fate of one Edward Dickinson Baker. Baker was a life-long friend of Lincoln, had been a congressman from Illinois, and had recently become the first senator from Oregon. A rabid abolitionist, he had appeared on the Senate floor in full uniform and, with much bravado, announced that he wanted action. Action he got, as he was killed instantly at Ball's Bluff.

When news of his friend's death reached Lincoln, he was infuriated. Someone's head had to roll. The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War was formed. Attention was concentrated on Stone. Rumors were circulated that Stone himself had voted against Lincoln. That was all it took. Stone was arrested.

Stone's pleas for constitutional protections were ignored. Without jury or trial, he was sent to prison at Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor.

After languishing in prison for many months, Stone was released as arbitrarily as he had been arrested. But his military career was wrecked. Forced to seek private employment after the War, he was put to work building the foundation for the Statue of Liberty, within sight of Fort Lafayette.

The unfortunate Stone had been hoisted on his own petard. ✠

The Last Word

REID BUCKLEY

Why We Did Nothing

Flung the exasperated reporter at Andrei Gromyko, who had been stonewalling his questions on the shooting down of the Korean airliner, "Sir, do you think the world will simply forget about this?" The veteran Executioner of Soviet foreign policy replied, "You can be sure that they will."

And by the time you read this column, the incident will indeed have begun to fade into all the other Soviet-perpetrated atrocities. From the massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest to the spraying of Afghan resistance fighters and Hmong tribesman with deadly "yellow rain," Soviet outrages continue to be sucked into the black hole of political oblivion. They are forgot, they go unpunished, and in the Kremlin cynicism is compounded by contempt.

When Soviet tanks rolled into Afghanistan, President Jimmy Carter, the softy, slapped an embargo on grain sales and yanked us out of the 1980 Olympics. These measures were little enough, thought some, and the prohibition on the sale of wheat and corn may have hurt our farmers more than it incommoded the enemy. But when President Ronald Reagan, our hero, failed to apply any sanctions against the Soviet Union at all proportionate to the offense in the KAL tragedy (such as abrogation of the Helsinki European Security Treaty), words written by historian-philosopher Eric Voegelin decades ago came hauntingly to mind.

He told us in *The New Science of Politics* (1952) that the "gnostic" ideologies, which dominate Western thought, replace truth with a "counterexistential" never-neverland that prevents rational and effective reaction to threats:

> *They will rather be met* [he prophesied] *by magic operations in the dream world, such as disapproval, moral condemnation, declarations of intention, resolutions, appeals to the opinion of mankind, branding of enemies as aggressors, outlawing of war, propaganda for world peace and world government, etc. The intellectual and moral corruption which expresses itself in the aggregate of such magic operations may pervade a society with the weird, ghostly atmosphere of a lunatic asylum, as we experience it in our time in the Western crisis.*

It is Eric Voegelin who announced in the opening volume of his great work, *Order and History*, that "Ideology is existence in rebellion against God and man." What he refers to is the millenarian gnosticism (in pagan times a cult of salvific knowledge generating out of a cosmological view of existence) that he traces from Joachim of Flora in the late twelfth century back to St. Paul, and which is evident in what he calls the "metastatic faith" of both Soviet imperialism and American progressivism. We are, as he puts it, shockingly, "brothers under the skin;" which is a philosophical reason why Our Hero, who is every bit as much a progressivist in his conservative way as Hubert Humphrey was in his liberal way, did virtually nothing to protest the latest barbarity. Oh, sure: Soviet nuclear superiority makes it unthinkable to risk confrontation, and the weakened spirit and stomach of the West made it, even for Ronald Reagan, politically impossible But to say that explains nothing, because the psychological pressures, as well as the fears based on strategic realities, are conditions of the underlying malaise (it was not decreed by Heaven that the Soviets should outgun us), which is that the American Dream and the Marxist-Leninist paradise are equally rooted in the positivism of Comte, the brilliant but false constructions of Hegel, the utopianism of Thomas More, the cosmological primitivism of Joachim, and, yes, the early Christian expectations of an immanent eschaton. The nightmare of *their* dream world is countered by the daydreams of *ours*.

For me, *The New Science of Politics* rates with Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* as a work that has permanently dyed my thinking. It's a pity that Eric Voegelin, now 83, should still be a cult figure forty and fifty years after so much of his stunningly original work was first published. His vocabulary is a stumbling block. It isn't easy to puzzle out for yourself that a cosmion is not only an "illuminated" little world but one in the act of becoming; that "noetic" is that which is capable of cognition; that the distinction between a "compact" (or "cosmological") civilization and a "differentiated" one is that the first has not been "articulated" or has not experienced the transcendentalizing "leap in being." Someone should publish a glossary of Voegelin's peculiar idiom, along with nutshell trots of his complicated concepts; because, once these are mastered, the sense of what he says becomes luminous. For the Christian, difficulties emerge in the fourth volume of *Order and History*, and I get hung up as well on his world-historic process of attunement to the truth of being, in which I whiff, ironically, a kind of post-Gnostic utopianism. But Voegelin makes clear that the reason Ronald Reagan was inhibited from hard sanctions in response to the atrocity is not because they have more hosses. How many hosses had Pope John Paul in Poland, yet he put General Jaruzelski to rout? Our problem is that we ourselves share in the Soviet rebellion against God and man. We suffer from a fundamental disorder of the soul. And unless we tend to that, we will have to reconcile ourselves to magic operations in the dream world that endlessly achieve nothing. ⊠

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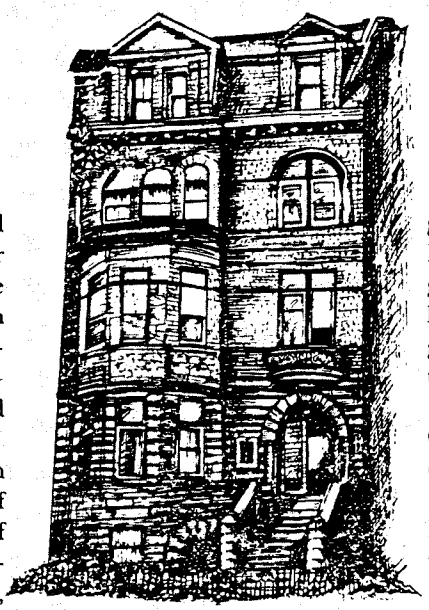

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